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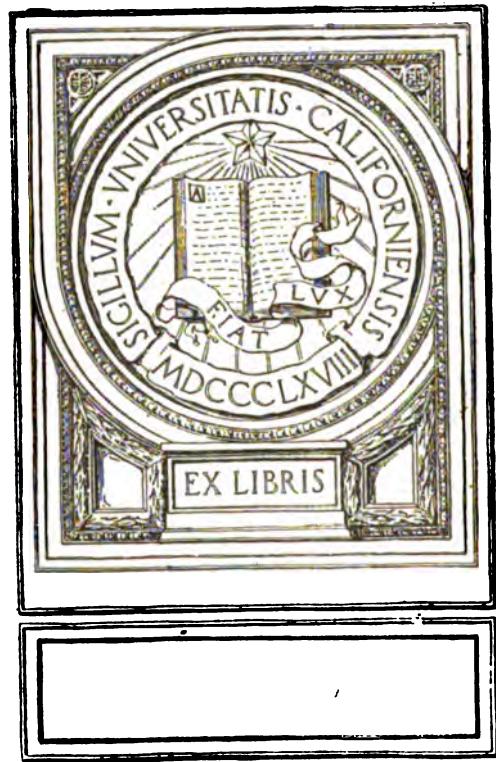
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OBSERVATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS

DIVINE AND MORALL

IN VERSE

BY
ROBERT HEYWOOD
OF HEYWOOD, LANCASHIRE

EDITED BY
JAMES CROSSLEY Esq. F.S.A.

PRINTED FOR THE CHETHAM SOCIETY
M.DCCC.LXIX.

INTRODUCTION.

ROBERT HEYWOOD, the author of the poems now published for the first time, was the head of the ancient family of Heywood of Heywood in the county of Lancaster, and which had been seated there, as evidenced by charters and documentary proof, from the time of Edward the First.¹ A short but interesting notice of him is afforded by the excellent nonconformist Oliver Heywood when, in referring to the descent of his own line, he observes, with a natural and pardonable feeling of family pride—a feeling which even apostolic piety sometimes fails to extirpate—“ ‘Tis possible we might spring from some younger brother of the house of Heywood of Heywood, an ancient esquire’s seat between Rochdale and Bury; for old Mr. Robert Heywood whom I knew, a pious reverend old gentleman and an excellent poet, was wont to call my father cousin.”² But, apart from this

¹ A pedigree of this family will be found in the *Iter Lancastrense*, edited by the rev. T. Corser for the Chetham society, 1845 (Notes, p. 22), with many interesting particulars in reference to Robert Heywood’s descendants.

² Hunter’s *Life of Oliver Heywood*, pp. 3-4.

reference, all that was known of Robert Heywood till very lately was that he was the son of Peter Heywood of Heywood, who died in 1600, and Margaret, daughter and coheir of John Asheton of Penketh; that he rebuilt Heywood hall, of which restored fabric little now remains,³ in 1611; that in 1636 he received as his guest the scholar and poet Richard James, who has recorded the principal events of his visit in his *Iter Lancastrense* (Cheetham series, vol. vii.), and that he died in 1645, aged 71.⁴ His poetry was supposed to have perished, and all the researches of Mr. Hunter, aided by those of the diligent editor of the *Iter*, the rev. Thomas Corser, failed to discover any traces of it, or by the production of the compositions with which Oliver Heywood was so much pleased,⁵ to add a new name to the rather scanty list of the older poets of Lancashire.

In the spring of 1868, at one of the sales of Messrs. Sotheby in Wellington street, Strand, a small manuscript volume was purchased, which very unexpectedly supplied this desideratum. It contains two hundred and fevety-three pages in the same very neat and distinct hand-

³ A description of the hall is given in the Notes to the *Iter Lancastrense*, p. 71. It is now the property of the rev. canon Hornby, of St. Michael's, Garstang.

⁴ No portrait of him is known to exist, and my friend canon Raines, who has inspected the title deeds to the Heywood hall property, informs me that they do not throw any light upon his history.

⁵ Oliver's poetical favourite seems to have been George Herbert. I have not met with any quotation from Robert Heywood in his works, but probably he had no transcript of the "Observations."

writing, one hundred and sixty-four of which are occupied by four centuries of six-line stanzas, and a large portion of a fifth. The title to the first century is merely "Obseruations and instructions Diuine and Morall." Then follows "The second century of Obseruations and Meditations of my wife's late father Mr. Robert Heywood of Heywood, in Lancashire;" and the third, fourth, and portion of a fifth century are appropriated to the same writer with a slight variation of phrase. The following poetical pieces succeed in the manuscript, but have no author's name attached to them: "A Discovery of Sinne, or an extract out of the Ten Commandments of the Morall Lawe. To be learned by heart of children and others. Collected out of the workes of Mr. Perkins, Mr. Dod, &c." "Necessary Dutyes. Directions out of Mr. Rogers Practise of Christianity for every dayes use." "Of Hypocrify." "Of true Christian Liberty and of Libertinisme." pp. 165-273.

Three of Robert Heywood's daughters appear in the family pedigree (*Iter Lanc.*) as married: Dorothy to Oliver Lomax of Heap Lomax in the county of Lancaster, gent.; Elizabeth to John Worsley, gent., second son of John Worsley of Hovingham hall in the county of York, esq.; and Sufann to — Holme of Home, gent.; but which of the three sons-in-law was the transcriber, in whose autograph the manuscript was written, it is now difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain. His task must have been no easy one if the very difficult handwriting on the last leaf be that of Robert Heywood

himself, as appears very probable, and in that case some evident errors in the text, though the transcriber seems to have been a careful one, may be readily accounted for.

As the latter poetical pieces in the manuscript are not identified as the productions of Robert Heywood, and as a portion of one of them is included amongst the works of Roger Brierley or Breirley⁶ in that singular and somewhat uncommon volume, *A Bundle of Soul-convincing, directing and comforting Truths*, 1677, 12mo, it has been determined to confine the present publication to the “Observations” only. They are printed without any alterations of spelling, and indeed with as rigorous an adherence to the original transcript in all respects, except in the use of capital letters and in the punctuation, as it has been possible to observe.

At what period of Robert Heywood’s life the “Observations” were written it would be difficult to define with exactness, but the tone and character of them would seem to indicate that age in which, after an ample experience of the world, a man is disposed to muse and meditate on what he has acted or read or observed, as life approximates to its close. There is yet one line which, if the text were correct, would point to a much earlier date for these poems :

⁶ A very curious and full biographical notice of this founder of the Grindletonian sect and his family has been subjoined in a Note to *Asheton’s Journal* (Chetham series, pp. 89–96), by the rev. canon Raines, the learned and able editor of that most amusing volume.

*Good Henry earle of Darby last
 Could ne'er endure (I heare some say)
 A fuitor should come to him waste
 And discontented goe away.*

Cent. 5, v. 27.

But it is evident that the transcriber is here at fault, and that “late” and “wait” should be substituted for “last” and “waste.” As no particular arrangement is adhered to, it may be concluded that the verses were written down from time to time by the author, as the thoughts rose uppermost in his mind, and without any intention of their being made public, but merely for his own guidance and that of the members of his family. The subjects which they relate to are, as it will be observed, of a very miscellaneous description. Some refer to the topics and conduct of ordinary life, and to the author’s experiences in reference to it, but by far the greater portion to those connected with religious doctrine and practice. Faith and works, election and reprobation, free grace and Pelagianism, he descants upon with all the unctious of a professor. Some of his illustrations are very curious, as for example :

The cuntrye forces to be view’d
 Once Queen Elizabeth commands ;
 ’Twas doubted which she would haue shew’d,
 The whole or but the trayned bands ;
 This last she ment. Would God saue all ?
 His trayn’d ones such we chiefly call.

1 Tim. 4. 10.

Cent. 4, v. 95.

Gods loue towards his owne contracts
 As sunbeames doe in burninge glaſſ,
 Wherby more forcibly it acts,
 A thinge ellſwhere comes not to paſſ ;
 While weaker rayes to others leſt
 Makes them of all excuse bereft.

Cent. 1, v. 77.

Say for my Makers glorye I
 Be destinate to ſtand or fall,
 Who blames the fisher for the fly
 He kills, to baite his hooke withall ?
 How much more may diſpoſe of me
 So abſolute a ſouerainty.

Cent. 2, v. 62.

At Lancaster Kinge James muſt take
 Paſue, els his preſence would of force
 A pallace of that priſonne make,
 And priſners from their boultſ diuorſe :
 Is not muſt more that manſion free
 Where God the great Kinge deigns to be ?

Cent. 3, v. 65.

In Gods proceſſings with his owne
 Methinkes I ſee ſome ſuſh like thinge
 As by a iudge I once heard done
 To one charg'd with a reckoninge :
 Spare him, quoth he, his reaſon for't
 He's a well-willer to the court.

Cent. 4, v. 32.

My father when I was a boye
 (T' indeare my loue to him the more)
 Charg'd my ſchoole master he ſhould ſpye
 A fault in me to whip me for
 That he might ſpare me from the rodd :
 So deals with us our gratious God.

Cent. 5, v. 71.

His versification is generally smooth, and his style, of which brevity and compression are the chief characteristics, vigorous and pointed. Occasionally there is great force in the manner in which he sums up his opinion on a particular subject. The following verses, in which he attacks church impro priators and patrons may be taken as instances :

Thousands of soules did make their moane ;
Against church robbers was their cry.
Lord patrons reape where we haue fowne,
And we, alas ! for famine dye.
Write thou on their false gotten good,
The price of blood ! the price of blood !

Cent. 3, v. 53.

On those who least the same deserue
Men oft preferments doe bestowe,
As Jeroboam made to serue
Such as were schoold their Lord to knowe ;
These in their patrons wills are drownd
As consonants in vowells found.

Cent. 2, v. 37.

One argument men often choose
Of greater force than that of witt,
Which once Demetrius did use,
But scholars cannot answser it :

Acts 19, 25.

Balak can honours give to you :

Number 25

Yea fields saith Saul and vineyards too

1 Sam. 11. 3

Cent. 31 38

The verses next quoted show his mode of dealing with his favourite subjects, election and reprobation :

If I may my election lose
 Why may I not election winne ?
 Of both in me remaines the cause,
 So I to God doe first beginne :
 God fees my will will pregnant be,
 And therupon electeth me.

Cent. 4, v. 30.

Some say ther's opportunityes
 Wherin (whilst men doe hitt or miss)
 Saluation or damnation lyes ;
 Others say none such time there is.

This I beleue, whom God will faue
 Finde time, the other none shall haue.

Cent. 4, v. 77.

We to the sea Pacificum
 Saile through the streyts of Magellan,
 Through not *for* faith to life we come,
 No other way is left to man :
 The winde and tyde that makes us steer
 Is God's pow're, els we come not there.

Cent. 4, v. 78.

He thus pithily disposes of the question of faith and
 works :

Faith onely faues, and faith alone :
 How then does this with them agree
 Who say that to salvation
 Workes also necessary be ?
 In Christ by faith we onely rest,
 And workes concur to manifest.

Cent. 5, v. 57.

Sometimes a combination of the scholastic and the
 homely produces rather a ludicrous effect :

Gods interne workes are naturall,
 Hosea 14, 4. Yet those ad extra always free ;
 Which some tho necessary call,
 Esay 43, 13. And so by consequent they be :
 Eph. 1, 11. While he who neuer changeth minde
 Ro. 11, 32. All actions to his will doth binde.

Cent. 5, v. 26.

Thinges vegetable and sensitiue
 Haue life as salt to keep them sweet ;
 Mens bodyes soules wherby they liue ;
 These must be seasond by Gods Spirit :
 Thy soule then to that Spirit lincke
That in Gods nose thou doe not finck.

Cent. 5, v. 27.

A few more specimens will, it is conceived, be accepted as a favourable introduction of the “Centuries” which follow, and which entitle the author, dissimilar as he is in general style and character to most of them, to a respectable place amongst the religious poets of his time. In their occasional happiness of expression and pregnant aphoristic force, some of his verses are not unworthy of comparison with many in the poems of George Herbert and Francis Quarles, which have now almost passed into household words :⁷

⁷ Mr. Corser possesses an unpublished poetical manuscript of a Lancashire contemporary of Robert Heywood, major Joseph Rigby, of Aspull, the author of a rare little book, *The Drunkard's Prospective, or Burning Glass*, 1656, 12mo, for a notice of whom see *The War in Lancashire* (vol. lxii. Chetham series, p. 144). The manuscript is in 12mo, and contains 95 pages in a most clear and distinct handwriting. By way of title the following enumeration of contents is prefixed : “Here in this

I sawe how easie doth follow paine,
 How myfers oft with riches meet,
 How faithfull loue getts loue againe,
 And age obtaynes a windinge sheet :
 But yet this could I neuer see,
 Pride and true honor well agree.

Cont. I, v. 27.

ensueing treatise is set forth to the views and consideration of all: First, What repentance is; 2dly, Its effects and qualities; 3dly, When we should repent; 4thly, Why we should repent; 5ly, What hindreth repentance." Much cannot be said in favour of the major's poetry. Still, though his *Pegasus* is from the Sternholdian stable, he seems to manage it with great ease to himself, and he jogs on to the end, firing off his crackers as he goes along, without any very serious tumble. As it is interesting to compare contemporaries, the following extracts may perhaps be admissible :

Hell's torments likewife us invite
 Our lyves for to amend,
 For faith our Saviour if thy hand
 Do caufe thee to offend,
 Then cut it off, for better 'tis
 Maym'd into lyfe to goe
 Than having two hands to be caſt
 Into the pitt below,
 Into the fire which never shal
 Be quenched, there to fry,
 There where the flame shal never ceaſe,
 The worm shal never dye,
 The lusty bloods, the roifring blades,
 The drunkards and the swearers
 Shall there be feelers of the flame
 Which now will not be hearers.
 * * * * * * *
 * * * * * * *
 An other lett, is vnbelfief,
 when men will not be moued,
 For to belieue thoſe things which by
 the word of god are proued :

While sunne did shine and birdes did singe
 There hoverd gently o're the plaine
 The bird calld Time with goulden winge,
 But few did labour time to gaine.

Ah Lord, said I, while time doth last
 Let me take time, least time be past.

Cent. 1, v. 30.

This is the great Cycloian Hag,
 that marcheth in the van :
 The Mountabank, that poyfoneth all
 the entrals of a Man.

This makes vs not to mynd good things,
 disgett no offered graces,
But instantly to spue them vp
in the apostles faces.

Of Christ his mercy lately too
 presumptuous they haue bin
 And now, they cannot hope for it
 though they forfake their Sin :
 Aiske, and aduise, consult and take
 Instruction from thy Syre,
 At all the generations, and
 the trybes of old inquire :

Pro. 12. 21.

If euer ther was any man
 confounded that was iust,

Pfal. 18. 30.

Or that did turn vnto the Lord
 and in him put his trust :

Pro. 3. 33. 34.

If euer God an humbled Soul
 forsook in any wyse
 Or whom that call'd vpon his name
 did euer he despise.

Alas, this Satan's malice is,
 poor souls for to infnare :
 Who would haue sinners to presume
 and Penitents to despare.

The Senator that the Sparrow kild
 which into 's hand did fly

In viewinge sundry natures well,
 The milde, the sterne, the sober, fadd,
 The light, the angrye and the fell,
 The stout, the merry and the madd,
 Who left roome in my thoughts did merrit
 Was euermore a scoffinge spirit.

Cent. I, v. 36.

The cry of poore, the wrack of states,
 I sawe ambition well disgest,
 Yea, meane mens loues and great mens hates,
 To gaine a blast of aire at best ;
 And death in topp therof enquire,
 Wher's now the fruite of thy desire ?

Cent. I, v. 50.

For refuge from the Hauk : he was
 Condemned for to dye
 (the story faith) as one vnfitt
 to govern, or to liue,
 That would not lyfe, to that which flew
 to him for refuge giue :
 Oh doft thou fly to Christ : purfu'd
 By Satan and by Sin ?
 And doft thou think, he, will thee slay
 when as thou comeft in ?
 An Emperour proclaim'd, that hee
 would so much money send,
 To any Person, that should such
 a Rebel apprehend.
 The man, came in, as soon as hee
 the proclamation heard,
 The Emperour he gaue him both
 His lyfe, and the reward.
 Can so much goodness be in man ?
 and can you then suppose ?
 The God of Mercy, and of Peace,
 will slay the Souls of thosse.

Wrong'd by a frend in deed and tounge,
 I thought what quittance I might shewe ;
 Conscience cryde out, Revenge not wronge,
 Mildely clearer truth, and rest thee so ;

Thy noble minde shall make him smart
 And wreake thy wronge upon his heart.

Cent. 1, v. 61.

I sawe the fathers landes and goods
 Ill thriuinge in the vnthrifts hand,
 Who soulde the houses, felld the woods
 Which his forefathers left to stand ;

With this exclaine, These goods ill gott
 No marvell if they prosper not.

Cent. 1, v. 74.

Heer is no place for rest an hower,
 For man is unto labour borne ;
 God spirituall ioyes doth seldom shower
 But where the yoake hath first been worne :
 Who would not strieue the Crofs to meet ?
 The after comfort is so sweet.

Cent. 1, v. 82.

I sawe where riches, bewty, strength
 Did flourish like the goodly baye,
 And dayes by pleasure drawne in length
 Did chase, as seemd, all grief away :
 At length the issye did disclose
 A prick is euer with the rose.

Cent. 1, v. 87.

Opinions some mens mindes distract,
 Some pleade for fame, els would be mute,
 Some by the hope of conquest backt
 Doe liue to iangle and dispute ;
 But euer doth the humbled minde
 More knowledge then the learned finde.

Cent. 1, v. 95.

Where doe all these greate masters lye,
 So deep in skill, in guiftes so rare,
 Whose place such others now supply
 As have of them no thought or care ?
 Once, who but such ? now, where are they ?
 Thus worldly glorye fades away.

Cent. 2, v. 17.

Who loues God much he shall haue fame ;
 Glorye, who glorye doth despise ;
 Who count all dunge for Christ, the same
 Is to be counted truly wife ;
 And learned he who for Gods will
 Doth crois his crooked nature still.

Cent. 2, v. 18.

Rumors of vncouth villany
 Against his aduerse partyes name
 Detraction buzzd : no blabb was he,
 Nor could he vtter thinges for shame.
 Is there not One who from aboue
 Sees who thus charge and will not proue ?

Cent. 3, v. 98.

It might perhaps have been expected that Richard James,⁸ when he made Heywood hall his head quarters

⁸ We are much indebted to my friend Mr. Corser for his researches in reference to Richard James, and for the labour he has bestowed upon the *Iter Lancastrense*, a poem which will always deserve attention as one of a class of which unfortunately we have too few. What is now wanted is a careful collection, from various sources, of Richard James's poetry, with a new memoir of him, for which additional materials exist, and for which many fresh facts and illustrations might be derived from a patient examination of the forty-three volumes of James's *MSS.*, all in his own autograph, which are deposited in the Bodleian library, and which comprise one volume of letters to various correspondents. — (See introduction to the *Iter Lanc.*, p. lxvii.)

on his visit to Lancashire in 1636, himself a brother poet, would have addressed to the head of the house one of those complimentary poetical addresses which he knew so well how to compose, but, if any such were made, it has not survived, and in his *Iter Lanc.*, though he writes in enthusiastic terms of the Heywood family, he does not single out any particular individual as the object of his praise. Nothing can, however, exceed his apparent delight in reviewing his stay at Heywood hall. He styles it :

— Heywood Hall, to trading Rochdale near,
My safehold harbour Heywood, much I owe
Of praise and thanks to thee where ere I go.
I love the men, the countrey and the fare,
And wish here my poor fortunes settled were,
Far from the Court's ambition, City's strife,
Repose'd in Silence of a Countrey Life
Amongst the Dingles and the Appenines.

Indeed his visit seems to have cast a gleam of sunshine on the latter days of this distinguished and unfortunate scholar, who wanted, as good old Anthony Wood says, “*but a sinecure or a prebendship, and Hercules's labors would have been a trifle to him.*” A more interesting visitor than Richard James, the head of the house of Heywood could scarcely expect to receive in the mansion which he had erected. He would come full of all the varied information that travel could impart; he had mapped out and founded the depths of vast libraries; in manuscript lore was unequalled, except by Selden; was as profoundly conversant with the Saxon and Gothic lan-

guages as he was with the wide range of classical literature ; had achieved a high reputation as an accomplished antiquary ; and while there was no father or divine of eminence that he had not thoroughly mastered, was equally at home with Ariosto and Petrarch, with Chaucer, Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. As the librarian of sir Robert Cotton, a name dear to learning, he had been in close converse with the eminent scholars, statesmen and patriots of the day, and to him, for his revision, the great confessor of liberty, sir John Elliott, had intrusted the work which was the product of his prison hours, and which still unaccountably remains unpublished, "The Monarchy of Man."⁹ But more than all—he was a poet, and a poet of no inferior order. It is difficult indeed to read his fine lines addressed to Felton without being irresistibly led to the conclusion that the admirable poem on Shakespeare with the initials "J. M. S." in the second folio, and which still remains unsurpassed amongst the countless tributes to his memory, was the production of the same pen.¹⁰ Such was the man whose visit still

⁹ See a specimen of his notes on this work and some of his letters in my friend Mr. John Forster's very valuable *Life of sir John Elliott*, 1864, vol. ii. p. 508, &c. The calumnies of that remarkably small minded person, sir Simonds D'Ewes, in relation to James, being evidently the result of jealousy and malice embittered by puritanical moroseness, may be altogether disregarded. Mr. Forster has disposed of some of them very satisfactorily.

¹⁰ This is scarcely the place to discuss the question of the authorship of these lines on which so great a difference of opinion has existed. The

gives an interest to the locality of Heywood hall, an interest which is certainly not diminished by the discovery of the poems of the “pious, reverend old gentleman” who was his worthy entertainer.¹¹

reader may however be referred for the lines addressed to Felton, to sir James Balfour's *Historical Works*, vol. ii. p. 174, and Mr. Fairholt's *Poems and Songs relating to George Villiers duke of Buckingham* (Percy society, 1850). That the lines were written by James we have the contemporary evidence of Balfour, and the following passage in James's poetical address to Albina (*Iter Lanc.*, introd., p. xli), clearly points to a future philippic against the duke, from his pen, as the “friend of Spain :”

Sometimes to please your high disdain
I'll strike the mighty friend of Spain
With such growne vengeance as did ne'er
Beat from Alcæus quill the ear
Of Greeks.

James's praise of Ben Jonson in his verses “On the Staple of News first presented” (*Iter Lanc.*, introd., pp. lxvi-vii), is quite as happy and well discriminated as that in the noble lines on Shakespeare :

When vulgars loose their sight and sacred peers
Of poetry conspire to make your years
Of memory eternal, THEN BE READ
By all our race of Thefpians.— Board and bed
And bank and bower, valley and mountain will
Rejoice to know some pieces of your skill,
Your rich Mosaic works, inlaid by art
And curious industry, with every part
And choice of all the Ancients.

The editor need only to refer to the graceful little address to Selden, prefixed to his *Apologetical Effay*, 1632, 4to, and which may be found in the introduction to the *Iter Lanc.*, p. lxxxiii, as a proof of James's elegant facility in the shorter metres of English poetry.

¹¹ Canon Raines, whose invaluable *Lancashire MSS.* contain occasional references to Robert Heywood, obligingly enables me to add that his will

has not been found either at Chester or York, and that his name does not occur in the Bury register of burials. He further observes that the oldest gravestone at Heywood has the date 1745, but that it seems likely that the poet was buried there.

J. C.

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**OBSERUATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS
DIUINE AND MORALL
IN VERSE**

OBSERUATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS DIUINE AND MORALL.

Mundum *pro* *cull.*
Fundum *pe.*

I
METHOUGHT as late I chanc't to view
At list and length this earthly stage,
I sawe exemplifyde for true
No joye in youth, nor rest in age;
My muse said, Minyon, heer's for thee,
Learne this, and so take out, quoth she.

2
Alas, said I, why am I heer
Amongst these boystringe foaminge floods,
Which from their bosome euery where
Cast up fuch foule and filthye mudds?
Thou foole, said she, thy self reclaime,
Then mayst thou better others blame.

B

3

I pondred in my minde her speech
 And sought her meaninge for to knowe,
 And therwithall did her beseech
 She would voutsafe the same to shewe ;
 If thou, said she, true sight would winne,
 Thou with thy self must first beginne.

4

Then gathered I into my thought
 The various course of earthly thinges,
 How euery where content is sought
 In that which no contentment bringes,
 But still we roue with restles mindes
 Like swelling seas or raginge windes.

5

But lackinge all, like Adams race,
 Or light, or list, to looke at home,
 Methought I mett with many a case
 Which yet might warne me of my owne,
 And out of heaps of dunge and pelf
 I pickt some pearls out for my self.

6

Me thought I sawe green youth's fresh flower
 Was blasted oft yer it was blowne,
 Or if it staide the vtmost hower
 To reapre the fruite it self had sowne
 The end was endles flaminge fire,
 Or ells repentance, for it's hire.

7

I sawe profession past her prime
 Be calmed at an ebb of zeale,
 Floatinge vnfelt doun streams of time,
 To whom the bancks did seem to faile ;
 Yer I judge others, let me trye
 Who is blameworthy, they or I.

8

Hypocrisye healpt on by feare
 Would needs contract her self to grace,
 But meetinge pride her copesmate neer
 She chose to him as fairer face,
 And when she sawe her turne thus fitted
 Both feare and grace she manumitted.

9

Against their kynd, grief and disgrace
 Each other underfoote doe treade ;
 Security sould finde the face
 A lecture of disgrace to reade ;
 If I reioyce at other's ill
 My self a double cupp I fill.

10

Poore Concord all to all would be
 That he Dame Preiudice might please ;
 His standing's iudg'd vnmannerly,
 His bowinge dounre but for his ease ;
 Who would persuade a jealous wife
 Oft stirrs but seldom stinteth strife.

11

I sawe the master set to schoole,
 The scholler beare away the pryz,
 True spirituall wisdome goe for foole
 Whiles worldlines was counted wife ;
 Such as they haue men use to eate
 Who are not stoard with better meate.

12

I sawe how thofe who will be rich
 Take up of conscience much on trust,
 With whom a while they keep their tutch
 Till golde encrease and conscience rust ;
 When runne too farr upon the score
 They put up purse and paye no more.

13

Our soules phisynthians oft are shent
 For ministringe of purginge pills ;
 Prophanes fetts the truth her stint,
 And flattreye many millions kills.

Lewd life, faire death, smooth sermonds, hell,
 They may concurr, but sort not well.

14

I sawe religion takinge care
 Where she might safely take her nest,
 She lyght with wealth and dainty fare,
 There she resolu'd to take her rest ;
 And rest she did, for hauinge store
 It stoppt her breath, she stirrd no more.

15

Where God himself first had made fadd,
 That grief yet deeper draught might supp,
 Men said of forrowe, Thou art madd,
 And so pour'd in an after cupp.

Ah Lord, said I, this is thy rodd,
 'Tis good to houlde me fast by God.

16

When Christian zeale did coole within,
 She (settinge in the outward part
 The orgaines on a merry pinne)
 Made melody farr from the heart.

At length it proou'd a singinge youth,
 Then zeale ranne streight out at the mouth.

17

While God did giue to euery grace
 And eury creature too by kynd,
 Both for itself and for it's race,
 A constant self preferuinge minde ;
 Sinne, Sathans creature, strait vp start,
 And needs would put in for a part.

18

I sawe where riches, honor, peace
 And pleasure at one place did meet ;
 How flattrers did therunto press
 As droanes about the honny sweet :
 I lookt about me and anone
 Eu'n suddenly, they all were gone.

19

I sawe huge numbers discontent
 With that estate themselues were in ;
 When God another callinge sent
 It did not ease their mindes a pinn,
 But tossinge till they might no more,
 Were gladd of that they left before.

20

I sawe in fame some builde their neast,
 And some in pleasure place their bliss,
 Others in riches sett their rest ;
 All feed on winde, but welfare miss,
 Which yer they gott at length were faine
 To vomitt all these up againe.

21

I sawe the greatest least to care
 For vaine ambitions idle breath ;
 Meane ones as they were madd did fare
 To stiir the sterne, though with their death ;
 And still inclin'd heerto such were
 As most beleeu'd and least did feare.

22

I sawe Detraction much lament
 With downe cast eyes and dolefull tale,
 What an opprobrious strange event
 Did to her neighbor late befall.
 O how Dame Liuor did reioice
 To heare her louinge sisters voice.

23

Reason yer while would vndertake
 To make the world and grace agree,
 And when religion roads would make
 Religion must in reason be.

Thus were they yoakt, but wott you what ?
 The leane kyne foone devour'd the fatt.

24

Against each other th'ear and mouth
 For want of proffitinge complaine,
 A heatles mouth and heartles growth
 For it's companion did retayne,
 And some doe giue themselues to EASE,
 And Gallio cares for none of these.

25

Whiles wounded soules with pantinge breath
 Were tossed oft with needles feare,
 I fawe presumption hafte to death,
 Yet not aware the same was neer.
 Of all belowe no joye to be
 That worldly things are vanity.

26

While Christ his shipp huge tempests tos,
 I fawe Gods steward at the sterne
 With unseen engynes billowes crofs,
 Till she at length her way did learne,
 Kept her aloft and billowes under,
 That all the world did gaze and wonder.

27

I fawe how ease doth follow paine,
 How myfers oft with riches meet,
 How faithfull loue getts loue againe,
 And age obtaynes a windinge sheet :
 But yet this could I neuer see,
 Pride and true honor well agree.

28

While foule disdaine trodd on my back
 To lift itself the more aloft,
 I fawe that one thinge I did lack,
 My hard repininge heart made soft.

But was it soft or was it not,
 I somewhat for my learninge gott.

29

Late was a carpenter of skill
 About to builde a curious frame,
 Many their busye braines did fill
 How he might best contrive the same ;
 But heedinge not what each man taught
 His purpose in the end he raught.

30

While funne did shine and birdes did singe.
 There hoverd gently o're the plaine
 The bird calld Time with goulden winge,
 But few did labour time to gaine.

Ah Lord, said I, while time doth last
 Let me take time, leaft time be past.

31

I fawe improvidence and pride
 Prosperity and riches hate ;
 These last all means and issues tryde
 To purchass loue at any rate,
 But all in vaine, it would not be
 Till all were brought to beggery.

32

I fawe foule flattreye lift aloft
 Each common curfys past the moone ;
 She drew her purse so much and oft,
 When true desert came there was none :
 Her ware beinge of so little last
 She went vnpaid, for all was past.

33

Methought impatience plaide her part
 Repyninge at the woundes of toungs,
 But striuinge for a quiett heart,
 Ascribinge to her sinns her wronges,
 A meeter payment did she see
 Then could by her deuised be.

34

I sawe some loue their liues so deare,
 They pincht their bellyes and their back
 To lay up store for many a yeare
 Lest that their life at length should lack ;
 When loe, some cross in that their pelf
 Did make them leaue their life themself.

35

I sawe inflexibility
 Arm'd with a self conceited witt,
 Counted with tractability,
 Though wise, irresolute with it ;
 They stroue which should be counted wyse,
 The first of them obtain'd the pryse.

36

In viewinge sundry natures well,
 The milde, the ~~ferne~~, the sober, fadd,
 The light, the angrye and the fell,
 The stoute, the merry and the madd,
 Who left roome in my thoughts did merrit
 Was euermore a scoffinge spirit.

37

I sawe self loue bringe forth this bratt
 That men their eyesight outward bend,
 Are scorneful, proude, and wott you what ?
 Haue more amiss than I can mend :
 And this I sawe, that others see
 Perhapps as much amiss in me.

38

I fawe the father vainely doate
 On his sonns state when he was gone,
 As though t'eniyoie possessions gott
 Himselue must after death be one ;
 When loe, in fight, youth gettinge raynes,
 Sav'd th'ones delight and th'others paines.

39

I fawe where was a witt at will,
 But want of other parts to act it,
 Which ne'r did good atchieuement skill
 But so farr forth as passion backt it :
 Who in his actions thus doth speed
 May thanke his passion for the deed.

40

I fawe how kyndred longe had kept
 Nature and grace in frendly bands,
 Till while the one unwary slept
 The other cryde, Now loose our hands :
 Diffrence of minde did make this vse,
 Reioycinge in so fitt excuse.

41

I fawe Gods promisse so beheld
 As Shimei on his pardon rested,
 Who wretch, the while he had that shield
 The kinges displeasure well disgested.
 Read me this riddle, How can moue
 To faith Gods promisse, not his loue ?

42

I fawe how patience purft up wrongs
 As fenceles or in flumbringe fitts,
 All bloody with the scourge of toungs,
 Sottish adiudg'd by playinge witts,
 Since it repaid not rate for rate,
 Faint, faulty, or Italionate.

C

43

While each man built his Babells tower,
 And made th'efficient of success
 His worldly policy and power,
 Wisdom, this bouldness to redress,
 Causd pride leue off to lay a stome
 Till he confess, No God but One.

44

'Mongst many who did labour much
 Safely to bringe Christs shipp a shoare,
 Numbers me thought at one did grudge
 Who plyde it with his little oare,
 Much blaminge, that a stome did rise,
 His sinne, floath, euell exercise.

45

I sawe self pride like th'iuye twine,
 Kill while it seemed to embrace,
 Which by some spiritual eyesight seen
 From their self fight took further grace ;
 But that spyde too to be a sinne
 Still deeper dye was set therin.

46

I sawe where sinne and grief therfore
 Caufe torment like the strife of brothers,
 While God for these afflicted poore
 Made answer in the hearts of others ;
 After, wise walkinge stroue for like
 But lay despised in the dyke.

47

Self guilty minde of foredone wronge
 I sawe to wrest well ment awrye,
 While conscience in the eare still runge,
 Thy wrongd frend hates thee mortally.
 Let ne'r such deed of feigned frend
 Expect for any better end.

48

I sawe wher Gods own arme did worke
 (To right his truths and childrens cause)
 Surmyfes of ill practise lurk ;
 Loe, what conclusions Nature draws !
 Nature can iudge but as it can ;
 Keep streat thy heart 'twixt God and man.

49

Plenty had store and much to spare,
 Yet still heapt wealth, laid land to land,
 With wondrous toyle and carkinge care ;
 Yet ne'r could come to vnderstand
 That this is all he gain'd heerby,
 Like man to eate, drinke, liue and dye.

50

The crye of poore, the wrack of states,
 I sawe ambition well digest,
 Yea, meane mens loues and great mens hates,
 To gaine a blast of aire at best ;
 And death in topp therof enquire,
 Wher's now the fruite of thy desire ?

51

The firmament, sunne, moone and starrs
 Their wonted reuolutions make ;
 Of famine, plenty, sicknesse, warrs,
 Men by obseruance scantlings take :
 But when Gods grace will come or where,
 Lay downe thy witt and learne to feare.

52

Some honor farr and neer doe seek,
 Which others casting from them finde ;
 'Tis other garden fruities unlike,
 Compar'd to misselto by kynd,
 For euermore it best doth flourish
 Where other roots the same doe nourishe.

53

I fawe how green o'reweeninge witt
 Spyde weaknes in their elders minde,
 Chang'd state and gouernment with it,
 Exclaiminge how the world was blinde,
 Who founde, when they should guide the sterne,
 Men to be wise two lessons learne.

54

I fawe how pride did prune her wings
 And scofft at rashnes foild with mire,
 Whilst in disdaigne away she flings
 For marringe of her gay attire,
 But stumblinge as she thus did flee
 She shew'd her shame that all might see.

55

Knowledge would need be counted wise
 And sett itself out to the shew,
 Honor, distrustinge this disguise,
 Spyde one who fought himself to knowe,
 Pry'd all mens parts aboue his owne,
 And on his head she set the crowne.

56

Credulity made firme report
 Of wonders he had heard before ;
 He hated lyes, but, to be short,
 That badge he on his forehead bore.
 Seldom wyse men on creditt shew
 Vnlikely tales, though they be true.

57

I fawe no quietnes attain'd
 While fond affections men obaye,
 Vntill Gods Spirit entertain'd
 Doe chase such vaine desires away ;
 And that the grounds of all distrefcs
 Is chiefly for the want of this.

58

I fawe how floath would trust in God
 But not endeavour once to doe ;
 Self pride all on performance stood ;
 At length these two would marry tho.

A bratt was borne, which made the tye
 Of frendship calld hypocrisy.

59

Lightnes o'retaken with reports
 Did change her oulde frend for a niew,
 On strangers loue built towers and forts ;
 But at the last did finde this true :
 Oft ill conditions hatred moue,
 Where yet as strangers there was loue.

60

The toungue was raunginge heer and there,
 Loathe to be heard tho speakeinge ill ;
 I was bewrayd, and mis'd what eare
 (None by but frends) betray'd me still.

If I my brother buy and sell,
 Birdes, beasts, and walls have toungs to tell.

61

Wrong'd by a frend in deed and toungue,
 I thought what quittance I might showe ;
 Conscience cryde out, Revenge not wronge,
 Mildely clear truth, and rest thee so ;
 Thy noble minde shall make him smart
 And wreake thy wronge upon his heart.

62

I lookt of late to see my case
 How rules and practise did accord ;
 My heart accus'd me with a face
 Fairer then th'inside would afford.
 Many in speculation rest,
 Wheras good practise were the best.

63

The world was full of grief and toyle,
 I wondred why it shold be so ;
 Methought God diff'rent by this foyle
 Mans day of weale from night of woe ;
 For if he absolutely would
 He had at once all ill controld.

64

Nature corrupt said, Oft I heare
 A point much prest cannot be true ;
 That some delight (but who or where ?)
 To doe Gods will and sinne subdue.
 Judge all, who haue an inward eye,
 Which of these two doth tell the lye.

65

I tyde me to an outward taske,
 Anone I rested on the worke ;
 Then I would shunne this outward maske
 For th'inward truth, there floath did lurke.
 Bee't th'outward ayme at some fett marke,
 Beware of puttinge out the sparke.

66

Boyes haue their toyes which touche them neer ;
 Beggars beare kingdoms in their minde ;
 Witt vniemployde findes some play pheare,
 Though in a course and meaner kinde :
 Thistles as well as cedars thriue,
 And poore men, though but poorely, wiue.

67

Euen a prophane and idle ieast,
 Thy boulte once shott, will conscience wounde ;
 How little tho our witt doth rest
 Till for conceyts it vent hath founde,
 Which oft out of the mouth we croude
 As thunderbolt out of the cloude.

68

I sawe where prouidence and care
 Cast for content in earthly store ;
 Their booty gott they needs would share :
 This spiders webb it's spinner bore
 Awhile, but yer another day
 Eu'n both of them were swept away.

69

Methought witt were not ill employde
 To see and noate each strange euent,
 (The worlde with presidents so cloyde)
 To know the good from ill I ment.

I sawe that good. This finde I too,
 'Tis easier to obserue then doe.

70

Alas, why am I vext so sore
 That all thinges sorte not to my minde ?
 Who euer had it thus before ?
 Kinges in such case we cannot finde.
 Content and man are still at odd,
 Saue as his soule enioyeth God.

71

A shipp at sea, so fully fraught
 That it could well receiue no more,
 At other little vessels laught
 To see them keep so neer the shoare :
 They scap't, it perisht, whilst that pelf
 Disabled it to wield it self.

72

If I doe lightly beare that loade
 Which godly mindes account a toyle,
 And heer would euer make aboad,
 How farr am I from grace the while ?
 The acts of life, eate, drinke, sleep, rest,
 A heauenly heart doth ill digest.

73

Who goodnes loues, the world defyes,
 Reprooud amendeth carefully,
 To rule submitts, himselfe denyes,
 For Christ doth suffer patiently,
 Let death and hell doe what they can
 Shall doubtless dye a happy man.

74

I sawe the fathers landes and goods
 Ill thriuinge in the vnthrifts hand,
 Who soulde the houses, felld the woods
 Which his forefathers left to stand :
 With this exclaine, These goods ill gott
 No marvell if they prosper not.

75

I sawe life passinge like a shade,
 And death to th'most no welcome guest ;
 Some hange, some drowne, some dye on blade ;
 At meate, at worke ; at worke, at rest.
 Worke slackt, time lost before thy end,
 Who then will healpe thee to amend ?

76

I heard the belly and the back
 Each make complaint of th'others charge ;
 Thy pride, the first said, makes me lack ;
 'Tis, quoth the back, thy empty barge.
 The taste gaue doome, the panch had wronge,
 For he had knowne his cariage longe.

77

Gods loue towards his owne contracts
 As sunbeams doe in burninge glaſs,
 Wherby more forcibly it acts,
 A thinge ellſwhere comes not to paſſ ;
 While weaker rayes to others left
 Makes them of all excuse bereft.

78

Frendship I sawe playe fast and loose,
 Lord, what may man depend on heer?
 Is Christ my frend? then heauens house
 To haste towards why doe I feare?
 These thinges belowe we too much minde,
 Which change each moment with the wind.

79

I sawe a minde with grief opprest
 To heare and feell the wounds of toungs;
 Patience said, Set thy heart at rest,
 Can patience crowne where are no wrongs?
 Christ, vndeseruinge dy'de for thee;
 Thou ffinn'st, then suffer willingly.

80

I heard detraction much delight
 To blaze abroad her neighbors ill;
 So readily did she endite
 I muf'd what water turn'd her mill;
 At length I found she grund this pelf
 With streams that sprunge out of herself.

81

Lukewarmenes, loathe to toyle within,
 For outwards healps and comfort sought;
 Soone after loofenes did beginne
 Prophanes to perfection brought:
 He that would soundly finne subdue,
 At first must resolution shew.

82

Heer is no place for rest an hower,
 For man is unto labour borne;
 God spirituall ioyes doth seldom shover
 But where the yoake hath first been worne:
 Who would not striue the Crofs to meet?
 The after comfort is so sweet.

83

I like not well of such a ioye
 As takes from me all grief for sinne ;
 All is not holy that is high ;
 Each shew must not be rested in,
 But that which doth me humbler make
 And teache me to myself for sake.

84

For holines God counts them chief
 Who doe esteem themselues most vile ;
 Their soules for sinne sore prest with grief
 Doe yet more brighter shine the while,
 Full of diuines truth and glory,
 Dispisinge praises transitory.

85

I sawe how some damnation feare
 Who yet their sinne as hell doe hate,
 But powers of darknes raigne not there
 Where thou with sinne art at debate :
 Feare not, all cittizens of hell
 Doe like their lawes and breedinge well.

86

In vertue some, some to be wife,
 Others in knowledge place their store ;
 Heer one his bodye doth chastife,
 And there another feeds the poore :
 But most men ground them on this shelf,
 They all for sake, but not themself.

87

I sawe where riches, bewty, strength
 Did flourish like the goodly baye,
 And dayes by pleasure drawne in length
 Did chase, as seemd, all grief away :
 At length the issue did disclose
 A prick is euer with the rose.

88

My thoughts are poaringe heer belowe ;
 Ah ! soule, sprunge of so noble race,
 Why dost thou minde this vale of woe ?
 Knowe this is not thy dwellinge place ;
 All pleasures heer are short and vaine,
 Look thou on Christ thy perfect gaine.

89

What plaiges, what deaths, what miseryes ;
 In euery thinge what trapps and snares ;
 What strange temptations, enemyes,
 Tryals on tryalls, thus it fares :
 Who then would loue this present life
 Where dwells such trouble, care and strife ?

90

The glasse presented to the eye
 A spott aboue of some disgrace,
 But, quoth the eye, it seems to me
 Thine owne is both the spott and face ;
 I vowe (and strelght the glafs she brake)
 To hate all glasses for thy sake.

91

The ewe to schoole her litle lamb
 Desir'd the fox to shewe some prancks,
 Who firſt with curt'fy to the ramm
 For all his fauours gaue him thankes,
 And, drawinge neer the lamb to lick,
 He shew'd it's damm a fullen trick.

92

Some ſtrive in vaine to please eu'n all,
 And many men fay many thinges ;
 He that regardeth each mans tale
 A needles croſſ upon him brings :
 Strive to committ againſt ill toungs
 Thy cauſe to him who knowes thy wrongs.

93

A care to keep thy actions free ;
 In all affaires a single minde,
 That thou to nothinge slave mayſt be,
 Left ought thy heart in bondage binde ;
 An eye in all to heauen cast,
 Beginns that life ſhall euer laſt.

94

If thou for frendſhip cleaue to man,
 Neuer expect to be at reſt ;
 On God to fixe thy likinge then
 Account it euermore the beſt,
 For whom, if thou couldſt all forſake,
 Thy ſoule a banquett he would make.

95

Opinions ſome mens mindes distract,
 Some pleade for fame, els would be mute,
 Some by the hope of conqueſt backt
 Doe liue to iangle and diſpute ;
 But euer doth the humbled minde
 More knowledge then the learned finde.

96

Where faith I lookeſt for, I was croſt,
 And where I lookeſt for none, I found ;
 Light of beleef how am I loſt,
 Why ſeek I not for furer grounde ?
 Alas ! how men vnſtedfaſt be ;
 Whom may I creditt, Lord, but thee ?

97

Not to be ledd with each mans tale,
 Nor blowne with winde of wordes away,
 Not to diſclose my heart to all,
 Of others ſparingly to ſay,
 Is, doubtles, to be thought the guife
 Of men both moderate and wife.

98

Time doth toward a period tend ;
Trouble at length shall be no more ;
Little is that which hath an end ;
Why ftrue I not with ioye therfore ?
Sigh, finge, praye, suffer ; heauens bliss,
The crowne of life, deferueth this.

99

Me thought I sawe how faith did groane
The burden of the flesh to beare,
While she enioy'de not as her owne
The pleasures and the proffits heer,
But therin had her freedom sould,
And, stranger like, did them behoulde.

100

I lookt upon a Christian life
And sawe it loaded with the Crofs ;
If thou haue heer both care and strife,
And heauen in the end, what losf ?
Not backward nor asideward goe,
Thy captaine is before thee, loe !

THE SECOND CENTURY OF OBSERUATIONS
AND MEDITATIONS
OF MY WIFE'S LATE FATHER, MR. ROBERT HEYWOOD,
OF HEYWOOD, IN LANCASHIRE.

I

PROSPERITY her case did boast
And to affliction schoolinge gaue ;
The crois then came and all was lost,
The councellor must councell craue :
By this, mans weaknes we may see ;
Yet is affliction good for me.

2

I sawe where curiositie
Gods secrets needs would searche into,
Why this man's rather sau'd then he,
That spar'd, and th'other plauged so.
Ah, Lord ! thy councells all are just,
Tho past the reach of clay and dust.

3

Me thought I heard a carnall minde
(Who knewe no good but earthly ioyes)
Much musinge how the godly finde
Delight in that which they counte toyes.
Let carnall ioye her censure cease,
It knowes not yet true ioye and peace.

4

Loe! man is in this present life
 But as a stranger in his inne,
 Full fraught with misery and strife,
 And pressed downe with loads of sinne,
 Whose bewty as a flowr doth fade,
 And time is swifter then the shade.

5

Oh! life most truely lamentable
 When good men suffer more then seek,
 And shall not by the wicked rabble
 Longe be enioyd, although they like:
 Why stand we still upon this stafe,
 And linger in this pilgrimage?

6

I sawe longe care and holy strife
 At death me seemd small comfort lend ;
 I sawe a lewd and sinfull life
 Make semblance of a happy end.
 Though God at death oft scowres our rust,
 All to the end I dare not trust.

7

Honor is but an empty ioye,
 And worldly riches base and vaine,
 The pleasures of the flesh a toye,
 And leaue behinde them grief and paine ;
 These ioyes, since I must hence depart,
 Lord, let them wither in my heart.

8

We travell heer on pilgrimage
 But little wott what way we tend ;
 Who so in goodnes spend their age
 They need not feare their journeys end ;
 Let those, if any such there be,
 Reioice in God and pitty me.

9

The gardiner from his lord had charge
 No weeds should in his garden growe ;
 He cutt them when they spredd at large,
 Not up, but neer the grounde belowe :
 Herbs prosperd ill ; his lord askt why ?
 Error, quoth he, doth suck them dry.

10

The world once frown'd upon a frend,
 Whom, half in minde her to forfake,
 She blythely lookt on in the end ;
 He wisht her this for warninge take :
 If he his promisse must fulfill
 She should looke on him blythely still.

11

Most thinges of comfort make a shewe,
 And most men of a beggar begg ;
 Looke thou thy stepps and staff well view
 Before thou forward shif thy legg.
 Some groundes are gaye in green attire,
 Yet underneath but mudd and myre.

12

Such soules enioye an inward peace
 Who in the loue of Christ doe growe,
 Whilst still they seek the Lord to please ;
 These childrens ioyes no strangers knowe.
 When God comes downe into the soule
 His sweetnes doth all things controll.

13

Temptations toss men too and fro ;
 If God support not who can stand ?
 Vnder his shadowe let me goe ;
 Late thou vpheld'ft me with thy hand,
 And now I see the skye is clearer ;
 Yet I'le not boast, lest stormes be neer.

14

I sawe Gods children on the feas,
 Vncertaine when to gaine the shoare,
 Now up, now doun, they found no ease,
 * * * * *
 Who yet in danger had for guide
 The light of faith, which still they ey'de.

[A line appears
 to have been
 lost here by
 the copyist.]

15

I sawe God's hand and healpe suspend
 To let in trifles sinne preuaile,
 Yet for my proffit in the end,
 That he my secret pride might quaile ;
 Which yet not pluckt up by the roote
 Must still be cropt, or els will shoothe.

16

True humbled hearts, downe, downe would be,
 Reproofs fuch on their shoulders bindে ;
 While bearinge burdens patiently
 Lewd men reproaches still doe finde :
 While thus the wicked bend their bowe,
 Themselues yet worfe then any knowe.

17

Where doe all these greate masters lye,
 So deep in skill, in guiftes so rare,
 Whose place fuch others now supply
 As have of them no thought or care ?
 Once, who but fuch ? now, where are they ?
 Thus worldly glorye fades away.

18

Who loues God much he shall haue fame ;
 Glorye, who glorye doth despise ;
 Who count all dunge for Christ, the same
 Is to be counted truely wise ;
 And learned he who for Gods will
 Doth cross his crooked nature still.

E

19

If thou think'st knowledge thou hast gott,
 Many there be who haue more store,
 And more there is thou knowest not ;
 Why art thou, then, so proude therfore ?

All other knowledge is but pelf
 Vntill thou learne to knowe thy self.

20

Many obaye lawes grudgingly,
 Drawne on by feare more then by loue ;
 Such in their mindes want liberty
 Till conscience their affections moue.

Freely to serue doth better please ;
 T'obaye then rule too brings more ease.

21

Me thought I sawe a busye head
 So much imployde for other men ;
 When it should stand it self in stead,
 Both witt and care were wantinge then :
 Frends gaind therby wealth and welfare,
 But he himself had neuer a share.

22

I sawe lukewarmnes beare much fwaye ;
 For few affections would subdue,
 But rather, by them ledd away,
 Good thinges more faintly men pursue.
 Till th'axe be first laid to the roote
 To cutt the branch is little boot.

23

Numb. 23, 19.
 Deut. 30, 6.
 John 2, 27.
 Ezek. 36, 26.
 Col. 4, 19.

Can God in purpose changed be ?
 Hearts circumcisd vncutt againe ?
 Gods Spirit in his children dye ?
 And hearts made flesh turne stone againe ?
 Can Christ in us, the NIEW MAN, dye ?
 Then may Gods childe fall finaly.

24

I sawe prophanes so preuaile
 That loue grewe colder then before,
 And him in greate account for zeale
 Who wanted of his wonted store ;
 Wheras we forward still should pres,
 And still should growe in godlines.

25

I sawe how some are censur'd ill
 Yet reape this benefitt therby,
 To pluck their plumes abridgeth will,
 And makes them praye more earnestly ;
 While others labour all they may
 How they may like for like repaye.

26

Gods shipp of secrets as it faild
 Witt could, through reason, plaine descrye,
 For his prospectiue neuer faild :
 Quoth Paul the pilote, That's a lye ;
 His shipp ne'r comes within the kenn
 Nor coasts of any mortall men.

Rom. 9, 24.

27

The frailties that in others be
 Endevor thou with loue to beare ;
 Thou either hast the same in thee,
 Or els the like hast cause to feare.
 Thinke not of others to obtaine
 What from thy self thou canst not gaine.

28

What man should suffer ought for God
 If all were perfect heer belowe ?
 One to another is a rodd ;
 Each must beare others burden tho ;
 None but doth healpe from others lack,
 Or for the bellye or the back.

29

I lookt, and loe! an open eare
 Was linked with a lavishe toungue ;
 A quiett minde I sought for there,
 And stedfastnes withall among :
 The eare and toungue did both agree
 The other two should banisht be.

30

We heer three judgments vndergoe :
 First, Gods ; and next our owne ; and then
 We may looke at our neighbor too,
 But not seek chiefly praiſe of men :
 How many tho beginne amifs,
 And end, too, in pursuite of this ?

31

How prone mans nature is to finne,
 Which, tho we now seem to forſake,
 Next day we entertaine againe ;
 In grace we little progres make.

If now we looſe what earſt we gain'd,
 What will befall us in the end ?

32

Let me not drive off to repent,
 Nor good in health ceafe to performe,
 Lest death or sicknes me preuent ;
 Who leaues calme feas to ſayle in storme ?
 Time loſt, if ſeen when thou art ſick,
 Will pierce thy foule eu'n to the quick.

33

Better it is in time t'amend,
 To live well now, to live for euer ;
 If thou the time of grace miſpend,
 Thou well mayſt ſeek, and finde it neuer :
 So liue as at the hower of death
 Thou mayſt not feare to yeeld thy breath.

34

Thinke thee a stranger heer belowe
 Whom worldly things doe not concerne ;
 Remember whither thou must goe,
 Before a Judge that can discerne,
 Who is not hyred with reward,
 Nor vaine excuses will regard.

35

Thou must on earth thyself inure
 To suffer patiently the cross ;
 If heer small thinges thou'lt not endure,
 How endles paine and heauens los?
 Twice happy, sure, thou canst not be,
 Both heer and for eternity.

36

Still learned men who much doe knowe
 Think they retaine religion sure ;
 Skill serues but vulgar uses tho,
 Vnles the heart within be pure.

Learninge is good, yet, mixt with pelf,
 Discouers but thy feely self.

37

On those who least the same deserue
 Men oft preferments doe bestowe,
 As Jeroboam made to serue
 Such as were schoold their Lord to knowe ;
 These in their patrons wills are drownd
 As consonants in vowells found.

38

One argument men often choose
 Of greater force then that of witt,
 Which once Demetrius did use,
 But schollers cannot answere it :
 Balak can honors giue to you ;
 Yea, fields, saith Saul, and vinyards too.

Acts 19, 25.

Numb. 32, 37.

1 Sam. 22, 7.

39

It's scornefull in an abiect minde
 For popular aplause to seek,
 Which fay thou both deserue and finde,
 States doe no such atchievements like :
 The first, it's owne vnworthines,
 The other, envye will suppres.

40

If frendship thou desire to houlde
 Tell not againe what e're thou hears,
 Nor yet beleue all that is toulde,
 For folly oft in both apears ;
 Ne yet let wronges make thee reveile
 What frendship bidd thee once conceale.

41

Trust not too farr a ciuill frend
 With that which is not safe to tell,
 For if between you grudge ascend
 His gall will with the burden fwell.
 Councell to keep thy labour lend
 To schoole thyself, but not thy frend.

42

Yet in the man that feareth God
 Thou onely mayst firme frendship finde ;
 For though you haply fall at odd,
 Gods feare againe the breach will binde,
 So as he ne're shall doe to thee
 Any outragious villeny.

43

Abhorr that vice and custome vile
 At mans infirmityes to scoff :
 Some natures are with childe the while
 Vntill deliuering therof,
 Though knowinge this will be the end,
 That God they grieue and lose a frend.

44

Yet lawes of frenship doe require
 Plaine dealinge 'twixt thy frend and thee ;
 If faults in him thou see or heare,
 Tell him his failings secretly :
 Reproof is like an Aprill storne,
 Which after leaus the weather warme.

45

A little while can pleasure last,
 Which some, tho, turne into a trade ;
 Wherin I sawe a life so pass'd
 As though the same for mirth was made :
 When death shall for a reckninge call,
 What answer will such come withall ?

46

Men oft are snar'd with foolish loue
 And clammye cares of earthly thinges,
 Which, from th'affections to remoue,
 Greate labour, sweate and sorrowe brings ;
 But oh ! how foone would these things flee
 If thou, O Christ, wert sweet to me !

47

Greate weights still overpoyze the les ;
 We care for trash, but one thinge needs ;
 The more of that, the les of this ;
 Some bus'nes each mans fancye feeds :
 It is Gods mercye in a kinge
 To minde in earnst this needfull thinge.

48

God to the soule, O strange to tell,
 Is as the soule doth frame to be.
 Dost thou desire to loue him well ?
 A louing spouse he is to thee ;
 To wicked men, a judge seuere ;
 To thee, the childe, a father deare.

49

Some grief in man is all so sweet
 It to the heart giues greater ease,
 And more it's discontents doth meet
 Then all delights the fence can pleafe ;
 Say in what subiect els thou sees
 At one self time such contraryes.

50

Gods loue did once to dutyes drawe ;
 Ah ! sluggish flesh, how didst thou faile !
 Thou traytor. Oh ! that liuinge lawe ;
 Alas ! what did oulde Adam ayle ?
 Gods grace asistinge me, will I
 Mourne for that failinge till I dye.

51

Good grapes and wilde within the wood
 Drew diffrence from the root and foyle,
 The iuice wheroft, if it be good
 Or ill, the fruit's alike the while :
 After thy heart, for that's the ground
 Thy worke or good or ill is founde.

52

God seldom at the first declares
 What his must suffer for his sake,
 But a well-temperd cupp prepares,
 Wheroft, for entrance, taste they take,
 That so experience may inure
 Them troubles after to endure.

53

Against the streme why doe I striue ?
 Gods will shall surely come to palls ;
 Can mine, if crofs, once thinke to thriue ?
 That neuer is, nor euer was ;
 But if I needs will haue it so,
 That's Gods will too, but to my woe.

54

The more with truth the heart is full
 The less it's please'd with flattringe praise ;
 True sight of sinne thee doun will pull,
 Though wordes thee up to heauen raise ;
 Besides, eu'n they who praise thee so
 Shall vanish, and their praises too.

55

Summer o're tyrd with winters waste
 Would shift into a warmer clyme,
 There catterpillers bred so fast
 Her budd was blasted in her pryme.

The worst estate doe not esteem
 Adversity, though sharp it seem.

56

Resolute me how these thinges can be :
 I must flee sinne for price or paine,
 And yet serue God at liberty,
 Without respect of loss or gaine ;
 My womb two nations doth embrace,
 Th'one ruld by wage, th'other grace.

57

A purchase for us Christ hath made,
 A heauenly inheritance ;
 Why doe we not from toyes unlade,
 And thitherward with ioye aduance ?
 Our right therto why doe we feare,
 Since we may take possession heer ?

58

If conscience doe thy act allowe,
 Yet must it be inform'd aright ;
 Beware thou doe not doubt and doe,
 For dimminge of thy inward light ;
 Saith conscience nothinge, yea nor nay,
 That's towards hell the ready way.

F

59

The lamp shone dimme within the minde,
 The eye would needs that light supply ;
 Nay, said the other, come behinde,
 Who better can doe that then I ?
 Thou canst but th'outward image see,
 But I can frame them inwardly.

60

To claime a debt which is not due,
 I fawe mans nature greatly bent ;
 Who can for praiſe a pattent shew
 But he who all is, all hath fent,
 From whom and from his ſtaff and ſtore
 All thinges proceed ; praiſe him therfore.

61

By wordes God cannot vttred be,
 Nor yet conceau'd in mortall minde ;
 Who can betwixt infinity
 And finite a proportion finde ?
 In wondrous wyſe tho loue layes holde
 On that wheron witt neuer could.

62

Say for my Makers glorye I
 Be destinate to stand or fall,
 Who blames the fisher for the fly
 He kills, to baite his hooke withall ?
 How much more may dispose of me
 So absolute a fouerainty.

63

When the laſt trump ſhall ſounde ſo ſhrill
 That all ſhall riſe eu'n at an hower,
 What will the man doe puſt with ſkill
 And fwollen bigg with pride and power,
 When thoſe who hear true knowledge ſcorne
 In euerlaſtinge flame ſhall burne ?

64

O foolish man, yea frantick, madd,
 Blinde, doatinge louer of this world,
 Why wilt thou for short pleasure had
 Be into endles torment hurld ?

Thou who so dreadest death and paine,
 Why fleest thou not Gods wrath amaine ?

65

To thinke upon the iudgment day
 Should make our flesh and bones to quake,
 Yea, eu'n the heart and soule, I say ;
 The Judge no price or praire will take,
 But as we heer haue liu'd before,
 So must we be for euermore.

66

I sawe that many sorrowe much
 When others speake of them amiss ;
 The grief tho falls not oft on such
 In whom true grace and goodnes is,
 Which where it rests hath this effect,
 Not much mans iudgment to respect.

67

Some vexe themselues with foolish feare
 Of what perhaps shall neuer come ;
 Future euent heape sorrowes there
 Where present cares fill up the roome :
 What to the day is incident
 Is for the day sufficient.

68

Oft I the countles numbers noate
 Of bodyes that are borne and dye,
 By part, the whole I reade by roat ;
 What's he that shapes all these, thinke I,
 Who giues and takes by his greate power
 Thousands of soules thus euery hower ?

69

The minde of man should guide his toungue,
 Then see thou thinke first ye'r thou speake ;
 God setts a double guard so stronge
 On speech, least it the bounds should breake :
 Without thy errand thus to runne
 Is folly, faith kinge Dauids sonne.

70

For spirit and flesh, like two tyde streams,
 Will doth command and disobay ;
 Of this in reprobates ther's dreams,
 Sodds which a while the stremme can stay :
 Fresh keeps the course it euer went,
 Whilst salt by it to sea is sent.

71

Men in this life so short and badd
 Much changeinge of affections finde ;
 Now beinge merry, now but fadd,
 Now quiett, shortly vext in minde,
 Now grave, and by and by but light :
 See thou in these keep footinge right.

72

One taught by Gods good Spirit knowes
 To stand fast on these earthly thinges ;
 Not caringe where the tempest blowes,
 While safe to shoare his shipp he brings :
 Thine eye and thy endeaours bend
 First on thy God, then on thy end.

73

Thou hearest others highly praisd,
 And thou thy self esteemd but base ;
 Let now thy thoughts to God be raisd,
 And thou shalt little rue thy case :
 To him thou art so much more nye
 As thou from worldly ioyes art free.

74

Who arrogates good to himself
 Gods fauor banisheth away,
 Whose Spirit loues not (where such pelf
 Takes up the roome) to make it's stay:
 Thyself to nothinge thou must bringe,
 Or neuer entertaine that Kinge.

75

I late an vncouth sight did see
 Repentance and oulde age to meet,
 And couetousnes (more strange to me)
 Quite killd, a finne to age so sweet:
 Reclaimd from that and from the pott,
 I sought for more, but founde them not.

76

To one in paine all time is longe,
 A day is counted for a yeare;
 What heart then is so stoute and stronge
 That endles tormentes will not feare,
 Which both for time and for degree
 So endles and exceissie be?

77

There is a madnes all abroad;
 Men sweate and labour, tos and toyle,
 To gett of dirtye earth a loade,
 And their owne soules neglect the while.
 Lord, let me all thinges els despise,
 But teache me to be heauenly wise.

78

What man so circumspectly liues
 As he is ne're deceyv'd with ill,
 Which often cause of sorrowe giues?
 We trust too much our worldly skill:
 But on Gods healpe who doth relye
 Shall scape, or beare things patiently.

79

Men longe to knowe what is to come,
 So to prevent their misery :
 Is that the way to scape thy doome,
 And so obtaine security ?
 Nay, rather, sorrowes seen before,
 Which needs must fall, makes grief the more.

80

A minde vnstable in my self
 I sawe, now willinge this, now that,
 Because I sett my heart on self,
 And lov'd I vnderstood not what.
 Creatures can ne're contentment giue,
 Though some delight for vse to liue.

81

Wordes in the aire doe flye abroade,
 And fall like snowe upon the ground ;
 Thinke still where ere thou makes aboard
 Thou shalt by good or ill be founde :
 No heart is greatly mou'd by this
 But that which weake or wicked is.

82

My portion in the land of peace
 I tooke my compasses to view ;
 By plott I had a lastinge lease,
 A deed of faith faire feal'd, to shewe ;
 But holines mapp of my fee
 Did with the other ill agree.

83

Heb. 6, 17.
 Why should, thinke I, God take such care,
 And fware so deep by him that's true,
 That th'eyres of promiss shall well fare,
 And oft that cou'nant too review,
 Yet after leaue it to my will
 Whither he shall his word fulfill ?

84

I fawe in bookeſ and ſpeeches too
 The world much flatter'd in its finne ;
 While flatters for that worke they doe
 Little reſpect with wiſe men winne,
 And th'moſt are blinde, and cannot ſee
 Diſſerence of truſt from flattery.

85

Me thinkes when on Gods word I reſt
 Without ſome feelinge of his loue,
 Reason Gods promiſſe doth but wrefte
 Vp unto Ela,* or aboue :
 Tell me, when reaſons ſtarre doth vaile,
 If needle lack how shall I ſayle ?

* Ela's a note
in muſick.

86

When crownes doe good mens foules attend
 Were mine eyes opened to beholde,
 Which by the world are much contemnd,
 Debase me to the ground it would,
 And cauſe me heer ſmall ioye to take,
 But to 'byde more for Chriſt his fake.

87

How hard it is to fleſh and bloođ
 Little at thine owne will to looke ;
 A croſſ which ſeems to fleſh not good,
 A loade which naſure ill can brooke :
 In heau'n an vncorreloed will
 Thou ſhalt enioye ; truſt and be ſtill.

88

Among the flowers the garland bears
 I fawe sobriety excell,
 Which nothinge doubtfull fees or hears,
 But in the better fence will tell,
 Or paſſ in silence, or ſuſpend,
 And check ill ſpeech in foe or frenđ,

89

Grace makes the man in nature poore
 To be in vertue truely rich ;
 And him that's stuft with wordly store
 To be in his affections such
 As who his chiefest wealth doth finde
 To be an humble quiet minde.

90

In contemplatinge highest thinges
 Thy frailty cannot longe abide ;
 Originall corruption wrings
 Thy cogitations oft aside :
 Marke how, and with what ioye or grief,
 Thou bear'st the burden of that strife.

91

Where reason to the rule is brought,
 And will to reason doth obay,
 A minde to such subiection wrought
 Goes victor of himself away ;
 Which to effect is to be more
 Then of some citty conqueror.

92

To adde in malice, or detract ;
 To yeeld ones censure with the times ;
 To slander, and to cloake our fact
 By whispringe closely others crymes ;
 Is doubtles to be thought the art
 Of an vnsounde and filthye heart.

93

Who doth revolve within his thought
 How greate his sinns and failings be,
 How little goodnes he hath wrought,
 And how farr from perfection he,
 Doubtles of grace hath greater store
 Then he who findes himself haue more.

94

In God we liue, and mooue, and be,
 His life is actinge euery hower ;
 Each soule, beast, bird, each leafe and tree,
 Failes if not still fedd by his power :
 Can the new man both aet and liue
 And not from him then still deriu?

95

Then growe you plants and flourish still
 Though th'earth from you it's liquor lock'e ;
 You graffs, when you haue first your fill
 Of sapp, thriue on without the stock ;
 You of yourselues can clusters beare,
 Henceforth yourself still trust and feare.

96

To thinke upon that dreadfull day
 When all men must their reckninge make,
 And heauen and earth shall shrinke away,
 Might make our very bones to quake ;
 Vnles thou turne, how wilt thou flee
 The fire of Gods greate ielosy ?

97

Men modestly themselues must beare
 In speakinge of their owne affaires ;
 There oft yet follye doth apeare ;
 Self praise too thy esteem impaires,
 And shewes a weake and worthles minde,
 Full stufft with nothinge els but winde.

98

'Tis meet that men feel misery,
 Nothinge's more needfull then the croſs ;
 If thou wilt Christs disciple be,
 Prepare for grief, rebuke and losſ :
 In fleshly will, in paine and pelf,
 In all, thou must forsake thyſelf.

*

G

99

Gen. 9, 10.

With man and beast God's couenant was ;
Did he ought from the beast exact ?
To them yet did his promisse pass,
They made a subiect to the act :
Thy couenant, Lord, thou makes with me
Confists not in myself, but thee.

100

Essay 54. 9.

For where that once made at the Flood
To this of grace thou dost compare,
If that proportion houlde for good
Then I therin make up no share,
Sawe circumcision, which yet too
Thou workes within wherby I doe.

THE THIRD CENTURY OF OBSERUATIONS
AND MEDITATIONS
OF THE LATE MR. ROBERT HEYWOOD OF
HEYWOOD IN LANCASHIRE.

I

FAITH, where it is, doth testify
Vnto the soule it's happy case,
The Spirits pledge : say, doth it lye?
Darſt thou ſay ſo? with what a face?
Which yet is thus much better ſure
Beaſeufe it faith, It ſhall endure.

2

What ſtepps of ſtate, what baſe degree
Canſt thou among the creatures finde
(Proportion'd to infinity)
God more or leſs in debt to bind?
The beaſt is ours to keep or kill ;
Much more we his to ſpare or ſpill.

3

I laboured in my propper strength
To bringe a proiect to effect ;
My care and coſt were loſt at length,
And God when I did leſt ſuspect
Brought it about, to let me ſee
On him muſt my dependence be.

4

Who could but with an inward eye
 Behould the foes we walke among,
 Thousands of snares and feands should see
 About his soule and bodye thronge ;
 If then thou keep not throughly arm'd
 How canst thou looke to scape vnharm'd ?

5

Many at their conversion first
 Haue been most humble, after lewde ;
 Zealous, deuote and silent earst,
 After strange alteration shewd :
 From which too common fallinge euell
 This prouerb sprunge, Yonge saint, oulde deuil.

6

With Dives some make heauen heer,
 Some liue as strangers on the earth,
 One day the diffrence will apeare
 Which is the sound and lastinge mirth ;
 Meane while each party hath his ground,
 And doth in his owne fence abound.

7

Who would be Christs and haue Christ his
 Must leaue and loose his propper will ;
 The neerer thou attaines to this
 The greater ioye thy heart doth fill ;
 But who so will exceptions make,
 When tryall comes will truth forfake.

8

Why dost thou boast thy self ? Alas !
 All thinges compar'd with God are vaine ;
 Thinke who thou art and what thou was,
 And walke not at so high a streine :
 Wormes meate, a stinkinge carrion, dust,
 And unto that againe thou must.

9

Our life is tossed vp and downe,
 And as a shadowe flydes away
 Which now is heer and quickly gone,
 Or as the shorkest winters day ;
 And soone forgott are they that dye
 When in the coffin once they lye.

10

When feeling's absent faith is stronge ;
 Say some, presumption too seems true ;
 Vnles I sighe, then praye and longe,
 And by endeauor diffrence shewe,
 My confidence but bears the name,
 And with the latter is the same.

11

Thus fareth it with seely man :
 At first he is the deuills flauie ;
 God takes him to his seruice then,
 Where, if he well himself behaue,
 To finish what he hath begunne
 God makes him his adopted sonne.

12

Greate mens example greatly fwayes ;
 Are doctors of their skill bereau'd ?
 Though (Nichodemus) thus thou fayes,
 Looke on thy booke, thou art decey'd :
 Fond Ieremy, is this thinge so
 And my lord Pashur cannot knowe ?

13

Men number oft their fields and sheep,
 But still forgett their dayes to tell :
 O that of time we counte could keep !
 What would those giue who are in hell
 But for a minute of that store
 We waste, they want for euermore ?

14

When God commands what we first will
 We readily the same obaye,
 But croffe thine inclination still,
 That prooues thee in the ready way.
 Thinkst thou with floath thy God to please ?
 His kingdom is not had with ease.

15

Thought, entertainment, lingringe stations,
 Wishe or desire, consent to finne,
 Endeavor, act, oft iterations,
 Contempt of councell, boast therin,
 Is scorners chaire, the cushion hell,
 Wherto these stepps tend ; mark them well.

16

Sinne, as men by experience see,
 Is rankest corne the cuntrye yeelds,
 For men make where the land should be
 Dunghills, and of their dunghills fields :
 Saith one, 'Twill ne're be better then
 While shreads are made in husbandomen.

17

Good men are fooles while they liue heer
 And wicked men are counted wise,
 But when they both lye on the beer
 Farr otherwyse their state we pryze.

Goodnes gaines thus much ground of ill,
 Her children iustify her still.

18

One once was to his neighbor kinde,
 A liberall minde therin to showe,
 Thinkinge withall his loue to binde ;
 What thankes was rendred would you knowe ?
 This, quoth the churle, came by my witt :
 These thankes and bounte finely fitt.

19

Greate crosses came ; hard luck say we :
 Yet oft it proues worth all thy store,
 It brings into necessity.
 Colde conforte ; can you say no more ?
 Smile not heerat, thy fence of this
 Breeds praire, which answer cannot mis.

20

Beware thou heauen doe not fell
 While prest thou think'ft by need therto ;
 Nay, to another, marke this well,
 As Iacob once did, doe not doe :
 If any need prophane will be
 Let him be so himself for thee.

21

In store of means, corne, wine and oyle,
 Cheerfull to be is no greate thinge ;
 But when we in afflictions boyle,
 What then doth ease and comfort bringe
 Is worthye both to be esteemd,
 And as a marvell may be deemd.

22

'Tis strange how some poore sinners quake
 At euery sinne, at death are boulde ;
 Others of sinne a scoff doe make,
 Who at the name of death waxe colde,
 Whom when the Lord to reckninge calls,
 Noise of a mouse, a shade apales.

23

'Tis true in praire affections mixt
 With mine owne cause may be my case,
 If in my heart Gods loue be fixt
 Thinke not reuenge tho houlds a place :
 I may expect (if so I call)
 Vengeance on mine owne head to fall.

24

Some doe the deuills weopens choose,
 But fire is neuer quencht with fire ;
 Calme wordes against rough speeches use ;
 And still among, to cure thine ire,
 Labour thy sinns to feell and see,
 So thy proude heart shall humbled be.

25

Some say the vse of outward thinges
 Doe not at all defile a man ;
 But when it inward bondage brings
 Shunne it with all the might thou can.
 Some outward thinges which lawfull be,
 Ill vſd doe turne quite contrary.

26

Good hearts must looke for ill reports ;
 If true, to humble them ; if not,
 Beware how thou to shiffts resort ;
 What by reuenge or lyes is gott,
 Or flattery to confess a fault
 Wher's none, is but with God to halte.

27

Who suffer for a righteous cause
 Are blessed. Say, beleevſt thou this ?
 And art thou ſure thou ſhalt not paufe,
 Or doubt what's right or what amifs,
 If that intoxicatinge cupp
 Of defolation were ſet up ?

28

Experience ſoone would manifest
 Though outward giufts be ne're ſo greate,
 Yet if in Christ thou doſt not reſt,
 And he in thee doe worke the feate,
 Thou ſure will ſhrinke. A holy life
 Is then the way to ſtint this ſtrife.

29

Against such as did trust their witt
 I sawe oppression much prevaile;
 But when thou craft with craft will fitt,
 That fort it's founder soone will faille.

In freights still goe to God, and praye
 To teache thee what to doe and say.

30

That butcherly Church discipline
 Which a declininge age forth brought
 (The truth of discipline not seen)
 In some hath this opinion wrought,
 That who reprooues the same hath hope
 In his owne parish to be pope.

Commutation
of penance.

31

Who willingly confesseth sinne,
 Or will acuse himself by name?
 Yea, rather, who will not beginne
 To mince his fault, and others blame?
 Because confession presupposes
 Thou guilty grants and filth discloses.

32

If we confess and kisse the rodd,
 How shall we miss but fauor finde?
 Is there more loue in man than God,
 Though we haue been to him vnkinde?
 If earthly fathers loue expref,
 How much more He if we confes.

33

Some in their cupps and merry glee
 Want not their inward grypes of grief:
 Sinne will it's owne tormentor be,
 Judge, iaylor, hangman, and in brief
 It pynioneth the soule with cordes,
 And vengeance in the conscience hoards.

H

34

Greate feare for grofs and heynous sinnes
 A wicked heart may well professe,
 For feare and these be euer twinns,
 But ne're his owne vnworthines ;
 Which who so from his heart can fay,
 Christs blood hath waft his sinns away.

35

Some doe a sermon much commend
 Well coucht for oratory style ;
 Witt and inuention is their end :
 How doth mans heart it self beguile !
 For, let the preacher conscience pres,
 Then he is but a brainesick asse.

36

I sawe good councell spent in vaine,
 Pleasure and pelf so filld the minde :
 Sathan by this oft makes more gaine
 Then practisef of any kynd,
 In stoppinge th'earc from preachers voice
 With soundinge of a greater noise.

37

Oft fruities of corne or plants doe springe
 (From some ill feed or barren ground)
 Vnto a blade or such like thinge,
 Wherin no substance can be found :
 Bare eloquence but sowne for seed,
 It will in hearers wind-eggs breed.

38

I once did heare self-confidence
 Condemne sure faith as nothinge good
 But to breed sloath ; and now from whence
 This came methought I vnderstood ;
 For heauens theirs if such could knowe
 They feel which way the winde would blowe.

39

In ridinge we are well aware
 We come not neer the ditches brinck ;
 In liuinge too we must haue care
 We doe not at occasions wincke :
 Who lifts not Sathan's budgett fill
 Must oft flee things not meerly ill.

40

Some labour (for their vanityes)
 To still reprouers with this charme,
 It's lawfull ; all doe thus thou sees ;
 What ! doe I any bodye harme ?
 Where thus corrupted reason speeds,
 There ill afection euer breeds.

41

What self-bredd power or excellencie
 Aboue the beast (that's for the knife)
 Hath man, wherwith to make pretense
 And challenge freedom for his life ?
 For independent of his owne
 It must be, els as good as none.

42

Many are stiff in heresy
 (Gods seed vnrooted in their ground),
 Still taynted with inconstancy
 Because in iudgment neuer found.
 Where knowledge rests but in the minde,
 Not in the heart, that man is blinde.

43

Skill and dexterity of witt
 I fawe (and these are goodly guifts)
 Where now of grace, and those with it,
 Dwells barrennes suply'de by shiffts.
 Greate readers sometimes knowledge finde,
 But more an exercised minde.

44

When thou at Gods accountinge booke
 Couldſt quake, when promiſſes were ſweet
 And thou diſt oft on conſcience looke,
 Say (for I would with conſcience meet)
 Whither is now more deare to thee,
 That ſtate or els the contrary?

45

It makes my Sabaoths ſervice colde
 Vpon that ſacred holy day,
 If minde and handes doe not withouſe
 As from hard labour, ſo from playe ;
 Nay, who can that dayes dutyes quitt ?
 And nature is not infinit.

46

We are commanded and muſt fight ;
 God ſetts before our face the hyre,
 Entayles it on us as our right,
 Giues vs the conqueſt to acquire,
 Supports, giues courage, ſmites, doth all,
 And when o'rematcht bidds us but call.

47

Many men doe for knowledge ſtrive ;
 But where afection is not too,
 That ſoule in grace is not aliue ;
 This wonder can afection doe,
 The ſoule at death to that fast knitt
 Wheron before it was ſo fett.

48

After ſome ioyes the faints oft ſeell
 Some deadly drowſines withall :
 And doth this trouble thee the while
 Left it forerunne ſome further fall ?
 Feare ſtill, yet of good comfort be ;
 Thy ſpirituall life is yet in thee.

49

I fawe good-natur'd youths disdaine
 With Hazael to be foretoulde
 How ill they would requite againe
 Their parents loue when they were oulde :
 The tryall is, if kindnes stand
 When thine and mine once come in hand.

50

In thinges indifferent let me say,
 This I can doe; if I offend,
 Or stopp Gods glory any way,
 I'le leaue, and liberty suspend ;
 If others doubt, I list not war
 Nor loue in greater matters barr.

51

Is there a tremblinge in thy heart
 That thy corruptions did rebell ?
 Thy couenant's onely broke in part,
 The generall it cannot quell :
 God pardons their infirmity
 Who malice and presumption flee.

52

Of flatt'ry one well noateth this :
 Of all tame beasts ther's none so ill,
 Whose maskinge though doth seldom miss
 To be discernd, for all his skill ;
 Yet some so cunningly can playe
 That it shall not itself bewraye.

53

Thousands of soules did make their moane ;
 Against church robbers was their crye.
 Lord patrons reape where we haue fowne,
 And we, alas ! for famine dye.
 Write thou on their false gotten good,
 The price of blood ! the price of blood !

54

The safest way health to preferue
 Is a good dyett still to use,
 From which if oft thou list to fwerue,
 And phisicks healpe doft rather choole,
 Thou art vnwife ; that purginge cupp
 Is bitter to be swallowed up.

55

Some thinke themselues too wise to learne ;
 And when the preacher conscience wounds,
 While zeale from wrath they'l not discerne,
 Finde malice growinge in those grounds :
 But no true godly discreet leech
 In wrath and pride will spend his speech.

56

Some at the gallous thus complaine :
 Woe and woe worth to such a man,
 For it was through his trapps and traine
 That I into these mischeefs ranne :
 True, others may occasions be,
 But still the cause is all in thee.

57

That mirth be right this is requird,
 That first the same be not obscoene,
 Nor yet with quipps and taunts attyr'd,
 Not idle, reasonles and vaine,
 Not mockinge nor continuall,
 In meane, and trembling too withall.

58

I sawe two campes and captaines late
 In armes against each other stand ;
 Truth, like a kinge, kept stand and stafe,
 But error dayly train'd his band.
 Time bred exchange, vntill at length
 Error became of greater strength.

59

I fawe oulde Abraham and Lot
 In friendship each with other strie ;
 Their herdsmen this contented not,
 'Twas not the way for them to thriue ;
 Their care must through debate apeare,
 Their seruice better to endeare.

60

I fawe two wedd for diuerse ends,
 That wealth and lust, and this for grace ;
 The first their portion lewdly spends,
 Findes but a blast, a bewtious face ;
 The last for bodye and for minde
 Had store to fitt and leauie hehinde.

61

Esteem of men is greatly sought,
 Each will be good while men well say ;
 But few to this pitch can be brought,
 Not for ill tounges to shrincke away :
 Truth of thy state thou heer mayst tell,
 For if thou dost all is not well.

62

Good thinges wer worse through commones ;
 Some plants by accident growe wilde ;
 Neuer was of familiarnes
 Contempt esteem'd the proper childe ;
 But this our nature is so vile,
 It oft turnes good to ill the while.

63

Playinge upon the Sabaoth dayes
 To breed distractions in the minde,
 Yea, full as much and many wayes
 As worke or worldly thoughts, I finde :
 Then rest thy minde (instead of playe)
 In God, and sport another day.

64

Riches a pleasinge plague we proue,
 Beware of thornes, for thornes they are ;
 Will not this danger fome men moue
 Of this fore sicknes to beware ?

Yes, this doth teache both rich and poore
 (Deare bought's high pryzd) to scrape the more.

65

At Lancaster Kinge James must take
 Pause, els his presence would of force
 A pallace of that prifonne make,
 And prisners from their boultis diuorse :
 Is not much more that mansion free
 Where God the great Kinge deigns to be ?

66

A greate man for the ministry ?
 Oh, no ! it were too greate disgrace ;
 Men want of bewty in her see,
 Therfore, to mend her shape and face,
 This virginne many will not wedd
 Till of her portion they be spedd.

67

First, wife must be a magistrate,
 Then expert, next of courage bolde,
 Then such as bribes and gaine doth hate,
 Gods feare too in his heart doth houlde ;
 To make up all this booteth much,
 That he be knowne too to be such.

68

Gods faints no time for laughter knowe :
 Saith one oulde father, Worldly gladnes
 Is phrenzy. But who now saith so
 Shall be a foole, and bound for madnes,
 Precise, a stoick, and a block :
 Thus wicked men Gods children mocke.

69

Monye is for the thief a praye ;
 Faire houses fuell for the fire ;
 Blastinge oft takes thy fruits away ;
 Pyrates thy merchants stock and hire.
 Trust not in trash ; heer each thinge lyes
 Subiect to many enemyes.

70

Of many soules for want of food
 I heard this great complaint and crye :
 Oh ! would our rulers vnderstood
 How we are hunger-staru'd and dye,
 Full well I hope they would take care
 Our soules might haue some better fare.

71

I sawe religion in the wane,
 And grace in me decaye withall
 As tainted with the common bane ;
 O let me then myself recall :
 Healpe, Lord, be thou my strength and stay,
 Ells I shall wholy fall away.

72

I sawe Gods subiects willingly
 Permitt their lawfull kinge to raigne,
 And oft sinne with authority
 Vsurpt subiectio[n] to constraine :
 Whither of these the heart doth swey,
 His are we whom we thus obaye.

73

Sloath, to take paines to imitate
 Saincts liues, their holy dayes did breed ;
 While Christs cross preach did men amate,
 Church windowe crosses came in steed ;
 And when men shrunck Christ cross to beare,
 The deu'l deuif'd wood cross to reare.

74

'Tis an oulde sayinge and a true,
 Man to the word RECEIVE giue eare ;
 But who a ready minde will shew
 To God his grace ? Indeed some beare
 A minde, but on a meer mistake,
 And woee, but 'tis for portions sake.

75

Gods childrens now salvation
 Is not in their owne hands to keep,
 God hath committed it to one
 Will keep them wakinge and asleep :
 Then how much safer is their case
 Then at the first their grandfyres was.

76

Some giue their names up to the Lord,
 And afterward their choice repent.
 Wilt thou with Saul fall on thy fword ?
 Flee ! flee ! escape this dyre euent ;
 And if thou wilt turne, turne from sinne,
 Ne'r from that good way thou was in.

77

By nature we are flesh ; our hearts
 Are hard, and yet we feell it not ;
 But when Gods grace our inward parts
 Lightens, and washeth out our spotts,
 (The vaile remoou'd) then we complaine
 How dead and fenceles we remaine.

78

Lewdnes a while seems moderate,
 A close whore firt, then for the stewes.
 First honest mirth must recreate,
 Next, time in pleasure we abuse.
 We oft before we studye playe,
 And ere we worke keep holly day.

79

Lest we in pleasures pleasure take
 (As one well faith) we must beware
 Ourselues mirth-mongers not to make.
 If we on ought much set our care,
 Though in itself it be not ill,
 Yet turne to nought at length it will.

80

If truth present to us a cupp
 Full of the wrath of some greate man,
 Let us say thus before we supp :
 If truth apeare without this can,
 Let this cupp pass ; if otherwyfe,
 The dreggs and all I'le not despise.

81

Lowelines, or it's counterfeit,
 Cladd in a graye gowne like a fryer,
 Would downe cast eyes, would breed conceit
 Honor was farr from his desire ;
 Yet through humility had hope
 He might at length come to be pope.

82

Againts reproof a fect there are
 Who answere, We are sinners all.
 Thus from their heads the blowe they beare,
 Like losinge gamesters who doe fall
 To rage and cast downe all, and say,
 My masters, heer is naughtly play.

82

These all in one degree would make ;
 Therfore, as men in ancient time
 Againts justicyaryes spake,
 That all are stain'd with sinne and crime,
 So now againts this liberty
 We pleade, Not all vnrighteous be.

83

Oft in ourselues we that allowe
 Which in another man we blame :
 Hath Thamar plaide the filthy sow ?
 Goe, haue her quickly to the flame.
 For others faults we want no sight,
 But dimme is our reflected light.

84

For lewd men to be mouthed deep,
 And pracie of good from them to winne
 Is easy ; 'tis a pretty shipp,
 But ne'r the more they'l faile therin.
 Praise me, said one, that I may see
 Things best by deeds commended be.

85

Some Balaams with their squinted eye
 I sawe looke o're the shoulder still ;
 While moats they in their neighbor spye
 The world with loude exclaines they fill.

Though moats there be, yet these but dreame
 Who thinke they spye them through a beame.

86

The toungue is but a litle piece,
 But mighty in its quality ;
 It goes out quickly in a trice,
 But after burns most vehemently ;
 It freely spendeth of it's store,
 It striketh soft, but woundeth fore.

87

One thought himself no wealthy man
 So longe as he his sheep could tell :
 Fulfill the soule no riches can,
 For mans desire is vast as hell.
 Riches, like fuell, quenche a while,
 But after add more to the pyle.

88

With God some goe eu'n cheek by joule,
 They all to reason will reduce ;
 Wherby their boate falls often foule
 On rocks, or, cominge to the fluce
 Where reason runns out of the bay,
 The stremme eu'n bears them quite away.

89

I sawe foure hundred prophets blame
 Good Micha, and his wordes despise.
 Content thee, Micha ; thy good name
 Offer to God in sacrifice,
 Nor fainte ; one eagle, kinge of fowles,
 Sees more than doe a thousand owles.

90

As obiects varye, euen such
 Are pleasures also good or ill,
 For circumstancies alters much ;
 A leaden rule is then mans will.
 Since this is so, it nere was ment
 They shoulde be left indifferent.

91

Some who an apoplexy shunne
 For a consumpcion little care ;
 But where the glass doth softly runne
 Less fencible the minutes are.
 Surfett of sinne some soules doth slay ;
 Some moulde insensibly away.

92

Of lewdnes what will be the end ?
 When Christ within the cloudes shall come
 Were potsherds rocks they shoulde be rend ;
 No flight shall scape the Judges doome.
 Comfort and hope will then be gone,
 Patience and mittigation none.

93

A gratiouse heart so iealous is
 It trembles at the touche of sinne,
 And reasons thus: Well may I misse,
 Since many faile who well beginne;
 What I haue been and am I see,
 But not what may heerafter be.

94

What stepp or state he liued in
 Deiectednes tooke no regard;
 The world then quickly could beginne
 To paye him with this due reward,
 For as he of himself did deem
 Accordingly they him esteem.

95

I sawe vaine prodigality
 Challenge the name of liberall,
 Niggardnes of frugality;
 These one another cozynns call;
 But it apeared in the end
 Neither of them were kynne nor frend.

96

Fairenes of minde doth neuer take
 Thinges doubtfull in the worser part,
 Nor of suspitions truthes doth make,
 But hates detraction in his heart:
 To this so sweet a quality
 I sawe eu'n hatred frendly be.

97

Youth needs wold with his witt and skill
 Playe quitt to each croſſe word and deed,
 Whom time yet wrought agaifſt his will
 More temperate, while dayly need
 Learned him this golden rule to knowe,
 Doe as thou wouldest be done unto.

98

Rumors of vncouth villany
Against his aduerse partyes name
Detraction buz'd : no blabb was he,
Nor could he vtter thinges for shame.

Is there not One who from aboue
Sees who thus charge and will not proue?

99

Wrath once was wrong'd, and meeknes too ;
The first broke out to wreake in rage ;
Mildenes another way did goe,
Convinc't his foe with reasons sage :
Wraths cloude so dimmd the first mans eye,
His fault he could not rue nor spye.

100

I sawe colde zeale (that it might shunne
The taint of foule hypocrify)
Resolue such course a while to runne
As with his inside should agree.

But oh ! what will thy case be then
If God say to thy course, Amen !

THE FOURTH CENTURY OF OBSERUATIONS
AND MEDITATIONS
OF THE SAME AUTHOR, MR. ROBERT HEYWOOD
OF HEYWOOD IN LANCASHIRE.

I
WHICH is les danger of the two?
A colde heart and a careles life;
Or (feeminge hypocrite in shew)
To keep the outward man in strife?
Since grace may act (once truely there),
To God though not to fence appeare.

2
Sinne hath no cause efficient,
But a deficient all agree;
Euen NOTHINGE privatue ment
A meer defect of what should be.
Damn'd soules bereav'd of good then quite
Must needs to God be opposite.

3
That nature, which is both the ground
Of beings, and perfections store,
Can sinns defect in him be founde?
What e're he doth, or can, that's more,
Vnles some power might him compell
To doe some thinge against his will.

4

The lesser the temptation is
 The greater alwayes is the finne ;
 How farr then is that heart amiss
 That doth to tempt it self beginne ?
 Transgressinge for a piece of bread
 Shews soules extreamely sick or dead.

5

Just Lott, while vext with Sodom's finne,
 Made not a partye to that crue.
 No kingdome stands at warrs within :
 Fearest thou hell, yet finne dost rue ?
 Houlde on that minde, so liue, so die ;
 Thou art not of that company.

6

God's the reward of grace and finne,
 This last by accident is he ;
 Eu'n life whilst him thou bidest in,
 Fire, when thou turnest contrary :
 Yet still no change in him remaines
 While thus to man he's joy or paines.

Gen. 15, 1.

John 11, 25.

Heb. 12, 29.

7

Syth man in good entitatiue
 Exceeds all creatures heer belowe,
 Why may not we then well beleue
 God's loue accordinge therunto ?
 No worth in man tho that loue breeds,
 But freely from Gods loue proceeds.

Luke 1, 28.

8

In me and all oulde Adams stock
 A common error, if not worse,
 There is, to witt : what under lock
 We keep, or close shutt in our purse,
 We make our trust ; I meane, God's grace
 The most men seek but not his face.

K

9

One tyde his outward man to taske
 So longe, till th'inward went each day
 Like gentlewoman in a masque,
 That which was which one could not say ;
 Whilst faults made to this yonger brother
 Checkt conscience forer then the other.

10

The nature of God's kingdom is
 He raignes within the soule as kinge ;
 Is faith or no a part of this ?
 If so, doe figgs from thistles springe ?
 If of Christs little flock thou be
 Sure 'tis not thine till giuen thee.

11

We ground of confidence for life
 From God's will, not his nature, draw ;
 Els what should need our stirr and strife
 If's nature were to him a lawe ?
 And what the same doth binde him to
 He of necessity must doe.

12

Rom. 2, 29.

If circumcision be within
 And cuttinge of the flesh be none,
 Fond man, let God end and beginne,
 Is not he in this worke alone ?
 Doth God, who giues to this such praise,
 His ground from thy receiuinge raise ?

Reu. 17, 6.

Rom. 2, 29.

That will which God renews in man
 Of kindly temper is and free ;
 Constraint is that the creatures can ;
 Gods subiects liue at liberty.
 Oah ! how farr are more excellent
 Workes naturall then violent.

13

14

In this greate house did God make ought
 And not for some good vse? All thinges
 For househould stuff his hand hath wrought,
 And to their end mooues, guides and brings;
 Yea, th'emmotts worke and flight of flies,
 And les, if less thinges be, then these.

15

We owles who walke by reasons light
 Oft cannot see Gods iudgments iust,
 For we are borne birds of the night,
 And so our eyesight may not trust:
 God hath reseru'd a further day
 That truth more fully to display.

Reuel. 15, 4.

16

If God first change mans wayward will,
 And will so chang'd (in his account)
 Be thirst, and he the thirsty fill,
 Causinge in them a springinge sount
 Of euerlastinge life to rise,
 Tell me where all thy safety lies.

Acts 16, 19.

Essay 55, 1.

Reuel. 22, 17.

John 4, 14.

Essay 54, 17.

17

If Esay from God's mouth say true,
 Meer mercye is his couenant.
 Must man make upp it's substance? Shewe.
 And is there in it such a want?
 Where God doth grace communicate
 That soule must needs participate.

18

The Angells speech was much amiss
 (If some mens teachinge now be true)
 In sayinge, Iesus saueth his;
 Which well might thus be framd aniew:
 He's Saviour, true, of all that will,
 Ells they may choose and perishe still.

19

Dewt. 10. 16.

I went about by reasons knife
 To cutt the foreskinn of my heart ;
 I did my best, and by much strife
 I fram'd a wound, but felt no smart :
 Alas ! 'tis onely from aboue
 That breeds true grief and holye loue.

Dewt. 30. 6.

20
 Dame Nature hath her worke and ends ;
 By it a fathers heart doth drawe
 (As to a loadstone iron bends)
 Towards his childe by natures lawe :
 Thinke it not thus in God to be,
 Whose loue is all and wholy free.

21

Our Saviour, to persuade our hearts
 What once he was he is for euer,
 Vnto the Asian Church imparts
 His minde, how well he likes endeuour ;
 Who as he shines in endles bliss
 Yet stll our louinge brother is.

22

God frames the will : who can withstand
 Where he'l sowe seeds of life and loue ?
 Goe, stopp the fnowe from off thy land
 If thou with God wilt mastryes prooue.
 Lord, here am I ; oh ! let no power
 Of darkenes vndermyne this tower.

23

Say, is thy heart at thy command ?
 Cause loue to springe then where is hate.
 Dost thou a foe by nature stand
 To God, and canst thou change this state ?
 Onely that power which made the will
 Niew frames it, and vphoulds it still.

24

Improuidence did wonder how
 That means times past maintain'd so much,
 The which he, notwithstandinge, now
 By proof can finde to be none such.

Let Providence dispose thy state,
 Tis better worth then half thy rate.

25

Light for the righteous man is fowne
 And, for the vpright-hearted, ioye.
 Dauid, if both of these be one,
 Then warye walkinge is a toye:

Ps. 60, 10.

Nay, where the Lord his feed doth fowe,
 He lookes it should to haruest growe.

Ob.

An.

26

The Lord doth saue both man and beast ;
 Had he not lent us time and space,
 Eu'n such as had deserued least
 In hell longe since had ta'ne their place.

If now to reprobates there be
 No more, ther's opportunity.

27

I sate at meate once with a frend,
 And at my back a lookinge-glas,
 By him there placed to attend
 What spotts upon my back there was ;
 Where spyinge blemishes to be,
 He shewd them others yer then me.

28

Damn'd soules in hell shall haue this light,
 To doome themselues and free God both ;
 While still they thinke by workes they might
 Once heauen haue wonne but for their sloath :
 For in the lawe they liue, drawe, dye,
 A yoake to them eternaly.

29

Methought vpon a sunneshill
 A flock of sheep securely lay
 While their yonge lambes their bellyes fill
 And, like to Laish, skipp and playe ;
 Not listninge to their shepards cryes,
 Who cryde out that a storne did rise.

30

If I may my election lose
 Why may I not election winne ?
 Of both in me remaines the cause,
 So I to God doe first beginne :
 God fees my will will pregnant be,
 And therupon electeth me.

31

One once a speciall sinne reproou'd
 (Gods word oft speaks as men apply),
 Who thought he had done what behoou'd
 Though spoke to all and publickly.
 Adde, if thou good intends to doe,
 Priuate and personall thereto.

32

In Gods proceedings with his owne
 Methinkes I see some such like thinge
 As by a iudge I once heard done
 To one charg'd with a reckoninge :
 Spare him, quoth he, his reason for't
 He's a well-willer to the court.

33

The earth need not (to rott the tree)
 Suck back it's sapp bestow'd before,
 For soone the same will withered be
 Vnless the earth supply still more :
 So when the spring of grace is dry
 That soule is sure to pyne and dye.

34

The workes of grace must needs be done
 By vs (it's true) as instruments ;
 But haue we therfore of our owne
 An actiue power for such euents ?

We moou'd sounde eu'n as violl strings
 In executinge holy thinges.

35

Methought oft such as should be frends
 For eu'ry trifle are at iarr ;
 I sought to knowe what furye bends
 Mens mindes from reafons rules so farr,
 And wordes ill ta'ne against the fence
 I fawe oft (causeles) breed offence.

36

Each motion from the fountaine springs
 By means, or ells immediatly.
 Mooues t'hande against its finnew strings ?
 God guides the cords that all moue by.

If man will cross the Deity
 Then God must needs a patient be.

37

Ill acts (say some) Gods second will
 (Not first) wills, or therin suspends
 Or nills. He's vertue ; doth he fill
 All acts ? all motions to them lends ?
 Is will himself yet croſſd ? or thus
 Alters remiſſis gradibus.

38

Some men I heare for this contend :
 That God doth no man reprobate,
 Whiles God is of his workes the end,
 Doth freely loue and freely hate,
 Not bound thereto by nature he !
 They shall houlde fo alone for me.

Exo. 9, 16.

Pro. 16, 4.

Exo. 10, 20.

39

If iustice can uniuostly doe ;
 If th'worlde was made to manifest
 Mercye alone, not iustice too ;
 And God's will not decree confeſt ;
 If Paules Epiftle be not true ;
 I'le change my oulde faſth for a new.

40

If Gods loue (WILL) not paſſion be,
 If (WILL and WORKE) in him be one,
 And all his workeſ ad extra free,
 And he prime end of all alone,
 Of all thinges too the Soveraigne Lord,
 Shall we not him firſt choice afford ?

41

If faith the guift of God firſt be,
 And fruiteſ declare man iuſtifyde,
 And to doe theſe with conſtancy,
 And therin to the end abide ;
 If all theſe come by guift and grace,
 Shall we in vs perſeuerance place ?

42

Grace to a city is compar'd,
 And dutyeſ to the city walls
 Which (well vpheld with watch and ward)
 Before the enemy can ſcale
 Will coſt his paines ; if therin be
 A breach, beware thy house and thee.

43

Amongſt diſſeases that doe kill
 The pott brings many to their end ;
 And if we creditt men of ſkill,
 No leſs in eatinge we offend.
 Meate upon meate firſt turn'd to dreggs,
 Proues in the ſtomach feauer eggs.

44

What hope of good in such a house
 Where man and wife doe disagree?
 So goes it where the spirituall spouse
 To Christ will not obedient be.

See that thy will to his encline,
 Seek not to drawe his will to thine.

45

Come, new man, learne thy pedigree:
 First, God the promise did begett,
 Then that had issue faith in thee,
 From faith sprunge out thy self compleate;
 Thus, three descents already past,
 Th'entale thou from thy grandfire hast.

46

That Christ his bones vnbroken be,
 The souldiers aet but not their power
 Was limmitt. By what chance thinke we?
 Or clof'd up in what spirituall tower?
 Againe: he power gau, but with aet
 He ne're our grandysyres standinge backt.

47

Bounty begetts in noble mindes
 Towards it's obiect loue and trust;
 And answerable dutye bindes,
 Of Christ and thee thus thinke thou must;
 But by thy aet to binde a kinge
 To thee is sure a perillous thinge.

John 1, 16.

48

Vnkindnes once an arrowe shott
 Which in soft flesh made little noife,
 Who, doubtinge if it fwell'd or not,
 To rypen it made this strange choice
 (That she might cure all by her witt),
 To shoothe another after it.

L

49

2 Sam. 7, ii.

Did God accept of Dauids minde
 To builde a temple for his sake ?
 If I an inclination finde
 The like within my soule to make,
 Resolute this case then : may not I
 Like promisse to like minde apply ?

50

2 Sam. 18, 22.

Oft knowledge grace doth ouerunne
 In haste towards the holy hill
 With braggs that now the race is wonne,
 But with Ahimaas nought can tell.
 Who thus without his errand goes
 Himself and iourney ouerthrowes.

51

Purchas Pile,
581.

Industry apishly assayes
 A worke of grace and faith to doe ;
 Egyptian like, her eggs she layes
 On kilnes, by art to hatch them so ;
 The creature (when it comes to light)
 By that strange heate hath limbs not right.

52

Gen. 2, 1.

Vertue faith, I each creature frame,
 Moue and vphoulde from skye to earth ;
 Say, is there any thou canst name
 Hath elfwhere being, moouinge, birth ?
 Then wher's the cause that mooueth me
 That I to it should patient be ?

53

Rom. 11, 35.

Wordes in the aire like feathers flye,
 And cannot hurt a pebble-stone ;
 Why art thou then so moou'd therby ?
 If guiltye, see what thou hast done
 And mend. With patience beare a slander
 Els thou from God to man dost wander.

54

Soone and infencibly in bedds
 Sleep makes the nights to paſſ away,
 An embleme for our dyinge heads
 That must lye downe in house of clay.
 Thinke we ſhould heer our reck'nings caſt,
 For night of death will ſoone be paſt.

55

Were ſo great loue and amity
 As Christ commands me to expect
 Made by an honest man to me,
 Could I but hope for good effect?
 God ſpeakes; alas! what ayles me then
 I truſt not him ſo well as men?

56

All men in ſomewhat place their bliſs;
 Cain in revenge, Ifr'ell in quailes,
 In praife of men the Pharifeys;
 To fitt thy minde God ſeldom failes.
 Complaine not; what wouldſt thou require?
 God giues to thee thine owne deſire.

57

Grace is a meer reflected act;
 And as the moone makes greatest ſhow
 At full, but doth at change contract,
 Facinge the funne, not us, you knowe,
 So grace doth God; whilſt filld with light
 It oft is moſt when leaſt in ſight.

58

God ſhutt up Noah the arke within,
 And baptisme is the ſame to me.
 Hath God left us a key of finne
 Wherwith his lock may opened be?
 I'le view my baptisme and be boulde
 And truſt the pylote; th'arke will houldē.

Gen. 7, 16.

1 Pet. 3, 20.

59

2 Sam. 19, 30.

Gods children like Mephiboseth,
 When God hath stroake the stroake, can say :
 Giue health or sicknes, life or death
 Or riches, or take all away,
 Since thou accepts me ; what was I
 But a dead dogge once in thine eye ?

60

2 Sam. 16, 16.

Deceitfull meaninge's double eyde,
 Saith one, eu'n so by double toungue :
 The same might Absalom haue spyde
 In Husky, and not done him wronge.
 A heart that's false and would seeme sure
 The toungue to doublinge doth procure.

61

So prone is nature to be free
 That youth, when it hath gott the rayne,
 Will flinge about at liberty
 Loath to take councell, though for gaine,
 Cheefly at thosse who late before
 They haue obey'd as gouernor.

62

Ther's difference to imagine thus :
 While, God, thou blessings on us poures,
 For goodnes which thou findes in us
 Thou this into our bosomes showers ;
 And thus to thinke, with Dauid, he
 Did this because he favored me.

63

The roote of faith is to beleue
 Christ is by nature mercifull ;
 From out a churlish man to striue
 To hope for good the heart is dull :
 But (could I once beleue the thinge)
 Thence faith particular would springe.

64

An ornament is to the minde
 Witt ioyn'd with liberty of tounge ;
 But where nice saltringe speech men finde
 They iudge the heart enditeth wronge.

When wisdome, heart and tounge agree,
 Spare not to speake at liberty.

65

Some in their frends house must expect
 Observance, some with wants dispence ;
 While they of welcome feell th'effect
 They heed not euery negligence.

I like not of such nycety
 Where frends must so obseruant be.

66

How many men in want complaine
 That frendship shews it self unkynde,
 Who, if they would looke back againe,
 They not farr off the cause might finde :

For pride, excesse and vanity
 Breeds want and loseth amity.

67

The course of pinchinge ancestors
 Is oft to sonns a crooked rule,
 Whose melted monye smoothly poures
 In liquor downe the vnthrifts gule.

E contra, for men mend the miss
 Oft by an opposit excesse.

68

Commanders who haue will and witt
 It falls out oft they liue not longe,
 For (vf'd to rule) in feauer fitt
 They'l haue their fullen fitts amonge ;
 So proude and headstronge men in finne,
 Ther's danger lest they dye therin.

69

Some who ne're sawe th'eternall Sonne
 Thinke they beleue sufficently :
 But such a thinge was ne'r yet done,
 For first he's seen with spirituall eye
 As Scripture limms him, wholy good,
 Full of loue, sweetnes, brotherhood.

70

Who suddenly from lowe estate
 To wealth and honor doe arise,
 Must be well warye of their gate
 To keep strait stepps in any wyse ;
 Whose fall I better durst assure
 Then state to liues end to endure.

71

An office must prouide a man
 And not a man seek for the place ;
 Shewe many presidents who can
 Of that direct and former case :
 I must confes where I haue been
 Such samples I haue seldom seen.

72

Sometimes men miss in no fitt means
 To bringe good purposes to pafs,
 Yet are ill answere'd by the gaines ;
 Some time where small endeavor was
 And forecast, men haue hapt to thriue :
 Shall this periuade one leſs to striue ?

73

Since God gaue man preheminence
 And left him reaſons rule for guide,
 Man thought him of ſuch eminence
 As God himſelf is too too wide,
 Vnleſs he walke with him alonge
 This path, and els he does him wronge.

74

Youth euer with the risinge sunne
 Of all is honor'd more then age,
 Yet youth shall proue when youth is done
 Such honor is no heritage ;
 Saeue thus : as others were by thee
 Esteem'd, so thou in time shalt be.

75

When conscience let's me see my sinns,
 And God calls on to fast and praye,
 And some sett solemne feast beginns,
 What's best, this or that other way ?

I wott which way the flesh would tend,
 Keep thee hence, sorrowe, till I send.

76

Dauid a house for God would bulide,
 And God aproou'd this as his fact ;
 But was the ground that thus he willd
 Ought els but Gods reflected act ?

1 Cron. 17, 10.

Nay, this and all that's like the same
 Are Gods in deed and mans in name.

Ps. 62, 11.

77

Some say ther's opportunityes .
 Wherin (whilst men doe hitt or miss)
 Saluation or damnation lyes ;
 Others say none fuch time there is.
 This I beleue, whom God will faue
 Finde time, the other none shall haue.

78

We to the sea Pacificum
 Saile through the streyts of Magellan,
 Through not for faith to life we come,
 No other way is left to man :
 The winde and tyde that makes us steer
 Is Gods pow're, els we come not there.

1 Pet. 1, 5.

79

1 Tim. 2, 15.

Through bearinge children weomen shall
 Be saued, as th Apostle sayth ;
 Saint Peter also houldes that all
 Who doe beleue are sau'd through faith :
 If this a cause of life we hould,
 Why are we not with that as boulde ?

80

Oh ! that each mourner would take paines
 Gods worke by penne to anatomyze ;
 How would it ope the tempters veines
 To others where his life blood lyes,
 Mans heart, finns sleights, yea Sathan thorow,
 And ferrett him out of his burrowe.

81

Some Scriptures argue from the cause
 Gods loue to me, some from th'effect :
 Me thinkes the first more kindly drawes
 My heart his fauour to expect.

Ob: Alas ! yet God's not moou'd by me.

An: Then I'le to Christ for remedy.

82

His drunkenes of any finne
 The drunkard seldom will confess,
 There beinge some degrees therin,
 Yea, mirth oft shewes mens nakednes.
 I'le not trust dreams where fences be
 Much oueruld by phantazy.

83

Most men in variance partiall be
 In their owne case. It comes by kynd,
 For who can say his heart is free ?
 Nature in that respect is blinde,
 And to be trusted in it's tale
 As th' hoast when he commends his ale.

84

I sawe proude nature pleade the case
 With him who is it's soveraine Lord,
 Tellinge him plainlye to his face,
 I giue no creditt to thy word
 Who saist, MY COVENANT I COMMAND ;
 Thou lacks, quoth she, the lessees hand.

85

By nature man is as the beast
 That eyes this worlds faire pastures green,
 Whose teeth now wattringe at the feast,
 He falls aboard with stomack keen ;
 For whom, if hedge God should not make
 With thornes, a surfett he would take.

86

Which, lawe or gospell, first hath place
 In drawinge men to God from sinnes
 Hath been a late disputed case ;
 Oft this, oft that, the worke beginns.

The common course is this, you knowe,
 That first men plowe and then they sowe.

87

A print of Christ his loue and grace,
 Once stamp't in me by God, methought
 Of late decayde ; to fill the place
 Nature and industry haue wrought
 A pretty piece ; Pelagius frame
 From Christ's sweet cariage, iust the same.

88

Nature I sawe reioycinge much
 How art could naked Noah display,
 Protestinge all the pack were such,
 While nature bears the bell away.
 O enemyes ! doe not despise,
 For though I fall I shall arise.

Micha 7, 8.

M

89

Thou thinkest God alike loues all ;
 And builds thy self upon this ground,
 That thou to him shalt stand or fall
 As will and workes in thee are found :
 May not God then say thus to thee,
 Thou trusts thy self, man, more then me ?

90

One a dcsigne had once in hand :
 Beforehand boastinge of th'euent
 That he his busf'nes could command,
 His babblinge tounge did all preuent.
 Thy best course is for secrecy
 To turne thy tale quite contrary.

91

Canst thou for God giue will the foyle
 In it's stronge fort and chiefest hold ?
 Then hast thou felt for this thy toyle
 Reward, sweet peace, thy hundred fold,
 Thy promisd payment heer belowe :
 Tell me if this be true or no.

92

Some trust in God, some thinke they doe ;
 While nature shapes (when God is gone)
 A deputy, for nature, loe !
 Will somewhat haue to rest upon.
 Thus men leaue God, and trust in grace
 Because it hath a comely face.

93

Variety of rules refresh,
 Tho many sett the minde at bay ;
 Much reading's wearines to flesh ;
 Yet this methinkes I well might say :
 Disease (where choice of druggs there be)
 Is neerest to a remedy.

94

Say God hath made no law for man
 The breach wherof might be his sinne,
 Durst I denye he iustly can
 Eternall torments cast him in?

What priuiledge had I, for me
 A man and not a toade to be?

95

The cuntrye forces to be viewd
 Once Queen Elizabeth commands ;
 'Twas doubted which she would haue shew'd,
 The whole or but the trayned bands ;
 This last she ment. Would God saue all ?
 His trayn'd ones such we chiefly call.

1 Tim. 4, 10.

96

God for his owne sake mercy shewes
 To some, and some he passeth by
 For that and for no other cause :
 Who art thou, then, that askest why ?
 Canst thou for workes then chosen be,
 Or for the same reiecheth he ?

Ezek. 16, 61.
 Esay 43, 25.
 Prov. 16, 4.
 Rom. 9, 21

97

Lay up (faith Christ) for godly poore
 What moth nor canker can decaye ;
 In heauen treasure such a store
 As theeues cannot purloyne away.
 Say who from thence can steale the cupp
 Of water giuen such to fupp.

Mat. 6, 25.
 1 Tim. 6, 19.
 Mat. 10, 42.

98

Though God create no deity,
 He likes his image so in man
 He stamps on it infinity
 In such degree as creature can :
 For thus farr to that pitch it tends,
 After it is it neuer ends.

99

Good subiects, like the horse well mand,
Neuer make question of his skill
Who hath the bridle in his hand,
But are directed at his will.

Thus qualifyde is euery he
Who heauens cittzen will be.

100

Ro. 6, 11.

Ephe. 2, 1.

Col. 3, 3.

Col. 1, 5.

Col. 1, 13.

Ps. 43, 3.

Luke 12, 31.

If quickned once by faith thou art,
Thy life is hidd with Christ in God ;
Thy hope laid up close in his heart,
Translated thither for aboade :

Then to thy soule singe with a cheer,
My little one, why dost thou feare ?

THE FIFTH AND LAST CENTURY OF OBSER-
UATIONS AND MEDITATIONS
OF MY LATE REUEREND FATHER IN LAWE, MR. ROBERT
HEYWOOD OF HEYWOOD IN LANCASHIRE.

I

SOME constant be or wilfull rather,
Some flexible by nature are,
For others mindes by deeds we gather ;
These are extreams, of both beware.

If nature erre, it so compose
Thou mayst not be of these or those.

2

Inconstancy deserues no praise ;
Yet oft so little worth is choice
Of thinges on earth, that fancye fweys
Now this now that way t'heart and voice ;

I shall in these les carefull be
So I in one keep constancy.

3

Though it was neither thou nor I
That brought the curse upon mankinde,
Yet all for one mans sinne must dye,
For unto guilt it all doth binde :
So thou nor I, but Christ for all
Doth worke our freedom out of thrall.

4

On Christ as man would nature bend
 To builde her hopes, for kinde was he
 To all ; but, if it aprehend
 Him as the funne in puritye
 With trumpets voice and feet of bras,
 It then would wishe him as he was.

5

Because we doe not diffrence put
 'Twixt markes and price in workes of grace,
 We shoothe and come not neer the butt ;
 We thinke by workes to winne the race :
 But whether we worke well or ill
 (In that respect) it doth not skill.

6

God doth a kingdom heer bestowe
 On man, who now so lordly is
 His soveraigne Lord he will not knowe,
 But thinkes with that to purchase this :
 So firt on Gods owne meale he bakes,
 Then makes an offringe of the cakes.

7

This taske to the Pelagian crue
 To be perform'd I doe propound :
 A paraphrase not hard to shew,
 But genuine to Scripture ground,
 Which Pauls obiections well might want
 And shewe why he was ignorant.

8

Seems it not hard (yet truth you see)
 That with what thou didst not committ
 Nor couldst avoide thou stain'd must be,
 As well as he that acted it ?
 Can reason finde this not a snare,
 Where Adams issue had no share ?

Ps. 50, 12.

2 Sam. 24, 24.

Ro. 9, 20.

9

But who could throughly understand
 (For 'tis a point of wondrous skill)
 An answere to the Lords demand,
 MAY I NOT DOE EVEN AS I WILL
 With mine? would nere judge God uniuſt
 To faue and damne eu'n whom he lust.

Math. 20, 15.

10

Some teachers, uaine and idle both,
 With bugbears of authority
 Would hide their ignorance and floath,
 For Puritanes they would not be;
 Others will not forbeare to say
 That it of dutye is the stay.

11

For what Dame Nature bindes me to,
 Methinkes it is an idle thinge
 That they should thankes require or doe,
 For nature is a noble kinge,
 Whose worke is self-sufficient pay:
 Of Christian dutyes so we say.

12

In grace learn'd by the rules of men
 The Lord delighteth neuer a whitt;
 That loue and faith which nature then
 Breeds, can we say he loueth it?
 Such grace I dare not trust unto
 As I by industry can doe.

13

Let me to such this queſtione moue
 As once haue felt plerophory,
 Whither they can els ought more loue,
 Or finde therin a greater ioye?
 Canſt thou this heauen knowe and hate,
 And better like a worse estate?

14

I heard poore students all in vaine
 (For they of late gett no redrefs)
 Of sharkinge officers complaine,
 Their plaints nicknam'd rebelliousnes
 Against their gouernors. If so,
 Ah! my poore purse, what wilt thou doe ?

15

Nature did at kinge Dauid scoff
 Who stickt not at adultery,
 And yet for Saul's lapp cuttinge off
 His conscience could peccauie cry.
 'Tis ill in greater sinns to straye,
 Worfe to despise in less thy way.

16

Knowe thou by these, sounde is thy state
 If a new creature first thou be ;
 Next, hast Chriſts ſpirit, loue and hate
 Both to and from his enemy,
 If thy endeauor and deſire
 Towards a godly life aſpire.

17

Are God his wayes and thoughts ſo high
 As fruite ſhall growe where falls his raine ?
 Doth he to humbled ſoules not lie,
 And ſhall his word not turne in vaine ?
 Be merry, Faith, for this is writt
 That thou mayſt comfort take in it.

18

Grace as it's tearmd a liuinge ſpringe,
 So bread of life th'immortall feed ;
 All in relation to the thinge,
 Th'obieſt where it doth feed or breed.
 The feed's immortall God doth ſowe ;
 Can e're this feed then ceafe to growe ?

Essay 55, 9, 11.

Mat. 5, 3.

Essay 40, 8.

1 Peter 1, 25.

John 20, 31.

19

That man was lost the fault was his,
 Why seek we an euasion ?
 Alone by Christ God mends the mis,
 Christ onely is salvation.
 Shall I despaire ? Workes, come not neer ;
 Hence from the barr, you pleade not heer.

20

God bidds man circumcise his heart,
 Which yet he faith himself will doe ;
 Is man heer but the passiue part ?
 Why then doth God command him so ?
 Command shewes what man owes, and was
 Gods promisse what he'l bringe to pafs.

Dewt. 10, 16.

Dewt. 30, 6.

21

To keep a benefactors hand
 In vre some use this policy,
 They will not come to understand
 Their frend hath done them curtesy.
 An outworne sleight : I must doe more,
 For all was nought I did before.

22

Since sauinge workes in Gods account
 Were finisht when the world beganne,
 So high a stepp why dost thou mounte
 To worke for wage ? Be thankfull, man ;
 The Sabaoths come ; beleue and say,
 I'le rest for 'tis the Sabaoth day.

For faiths Sabaoth
 worke Sabaoth
 workes.

23

Worshipfull, noble, honorable,
 Are titles late growne much in use
 To meane men ; foone grooms of the stable
 Will take fuch terms for no abuse :
 At length none will for kings be left
 Them to distinguishe from the rest.

N

24

If mans will can his state dispose
 How can we choose but be our owne,
 While each mans soule to winne or lose
 Remaineth in his will alone?

1 Cor. 6, 19.

Luke 7, 48.

Lord, dost thou pardonne sinns forepast,
 And damne for thos committed last?

25

The silke worme and the spider both
 Their webbs out of their bowells spinne ;
 May they therwith their bodyes cloathe,
 Or chufe what use they'l put them in?

1 Pet. 2, 8.

Why then not he who bredd and bore
 All men of his owne stuff and store?

26

Gods interne workes are naturall,
 Yet thos ad extra alwayes free ;
 Which some tho necessary call,
 And so by consequent they be :
 While he who neuer changeth minde
 All actions to his will doth binde.

Hosea 14, 4.

Esay 43, 13.

Eph. 1, 11.

Ro. 11, 32.

Thinges vegetable and sensitiue
 Haue life as salt to keep them sweet ;
 Mens bodyes soules wherby they liue ;
 These must be seafond by Gods Spirit :
 Thy soule then to that Spirit lincke
 That in Gods nose thou doe not stinck.

28

Some between faith and feelinge put
 A difference ; doe they vnderstand
 The same specificall or not ?
 I houlde them both but as a hand
 Graspinge in more or less degree
 Gods mercy : thus they seem to me.

29

Heer and in heauen lastinge life
 Needs Gods continuall supply :
 Wilt thou contend with him in strife
 That he deals not indifferently,
 Vnles each moment more and more
 He adde to what he gaue before ?

30

Gods childe oft ground for confidence
 Seeks from effects, neglects the cause ;
 And who lacks his sweet influence
 But generall trust from mercyes drawes.
 Oh ! let me first eye grace in thee,
 Then next, by markes, thy worke in me !

31

The new man is a very spirit,
 And of Gods secret Spirit borne ;
 Shall it not liue then to inherit ?
 Can life be from a spirit borne ?
 Or with the bodey doth it end,
 And on the same for life depend ?

John 3, 6.

Ro. 6, 8, 11.

Ro. 8, 11.

32

By euery one it is confess
 That all which God doth he decrees,
 Wherby to sinne yet none is prest,
 Though th' act (as fuch) is his, thou sees ;
 While sinne from nought, not nothinge, springes,
 Whence God a somethinge, glorye, brings.

33

Some men are lewde and see it too,
 Some so, yet can it not discerne ;
 They both beleue but neither doe.
 Let me one further lesson learne :
 Eu'n practise both with heart and hand
 Till I the diffrence vnderstand.

34

Ps. 64, 11.

God by his prophet's said to speake ;
 'Tis he doth all both speake and doe :
 How then shall dust, poore man and weake,
 Act or thinke good, perfeuer too ?
 In eu'ry word, worke or intent,
 Man is but as Gods instrument.

35

1 John 5, 10.

Faiths grant, is it conditionall ?
 Then vnbeleef makes God no lier,
 Who of beleeuers saueth all :
 Of reprobates yet I enquire,
 May not God say, I wronge not thee,
 Thou neuer promisse hadst from me ?

36

I reade how conscience naturall
 May both discerne and iudge a sinne :
 Haue we not cause to tremble all,
 For what can grace doe more therin ?
 Why searche we not our thoughts and wayes
 Whither we be of those or these ?

37

T'avoide taxe of inconstancy
 Some stand for that more stiff then truth ;
 Some in religion altred be
 In age from what they were in youth :
 Glorye too deare the former gaines,
 This last small creditt for his paines.

38

Yond is, faith one, a propper youth,
 And he himself doth knowe it too ;
 Adam taught us our selues to soothe,
 Wherby we marr what well we doe.
 The more one doth in grace excell
 The leſſ he eyes when he doth well.

39

Some men are ready to apply
 As aim'd at them each secret smile ;
 If any whisper, certainly
 It is some practise to beguile.
 A worthles minde containes the springe
 Of iealousyes in euery thinge.

40

As basenes oft doth apprehend
 Suspitious plotts without a cause,
 So sottishnes on th'other end
 In grosf abuses findes no flawes ;
 Who betwixt these would wisely walke
 Much must not heed nor fools nor talke.

41

A iewell is an honest name ;
 Yet who theron can builde a tower
 While frends, repute and cuntry fame,
 Were wonne and lost both in an hower ?
 How weake is fame's opinion
 For me to set my rest upon !

42

I sawe base mindednes deprave
 An aſt both ment and done for good ;
 Can Sathan better weopens haue
 To nipp weake graces in the budd ?
 Lord, keep me from ſuſh iudges ſtill
 As with one eye iudge good and ill.

43

Like to the ſtreame that keeps his way
 So is the grace of God in man ;
 The ſpringe is God, which, if it ſtay,
 Tell me but what the creature can.
 Alas ! poore worme, what wouldſt thou be ?
 A fountaine like the Deity ?

Essay 48, 11.
Essay 52, 3.
Essay 55, 1.

44

God for his owne selfs sake doth faue ;
Then what doe tears or praires availe ?
Shall any grace the office haue
Of Christ ? I'le then in dutyes faile.
Oh, God forbidd ! I these must doe ;
He bidds : for other reasons too.

45

Ther's skill in dawbinge some men say,
In temperinge the morter too ;
Vntempered morter many lay
In God his buildinge, doe not so ;
Temper the morter, hew the stone,
Then lay this well wrought morter on.

46

Who so submitts to God his will,
Such entertaine the Sonne of God ;
Th' Essentiall Word that houfe shall fill
With grace where he doth make aboad,
Whose will's a worke eternaly
To life by th' spirit of sanctity.

47

There is a lawe of sinne and death,
Another of the Spirit of life ;
On this the niew man drawes the breath,
In that the oulde liues still at strife ;
From which trunk (nature changd) doth growe
The niew man, like the mifelto.

48

Did Iacob once with God preuaile
A blessinge from him to procure ?
His sinnew shrunken limb shall trayle,
And to his death he halte shall sure :
The proof of this some foules doe knowe,
His glorious Name be prayfed tho.

49

Sinns are defects of what should be,
 Beings are positiu and good ;
 God oft permitts deficiency,
 Workes not. This truth understood,
 His iustice cleers, tho he deny
 To mans performances supply.

50

One in the riuer would goe bathe
 While others fate upon the brincke,
 These little doubtinge harme or scathe ;
 He felt his foot in sand bed fincke,
 Cryde, Houlde my hande, masters, we all
 Will each with other stand or fall.

51

If outward workes we wallow in,
 Our workes and us God will despise ;
 To teache good workes with faith beginne,
 Which ground see thou anatomyze.
 This is in Christ's sweet yoake to drawe,
 The heart and liuer of the law.

52

God oft of worke-prude Saul makes Paule,
 Thus he delights to shewe his grace ;
 Who first eyes light beware a fall,
 Gods back parts heer, els were his face.
 The funne shines brightest when it croudes
 And breaketh forth out of the cloudes.

53

Were euery congregation fraught
 With bleedinge hearts and gapinge ground,
 I could well skill that should be taught
 Which might preserue from deadly fwonde :
 To fowe free grace on vnplow'd earth
 Is often choaked in the birth.

54

The loadstone with the iron meets,
 The vine tree doth the elme embrace,
 The man of peace, peace frendly greets ;
 Each joyes in it's owne mate and place.

Knowe, if thou wilt not entertaine
 Gods peace, it turnes to him againe.

55

Two natures in each Christian are ;
 PHISITIANS take good heed therefore
 That you your potion so prepare
 As both may kill and yet restore.

Crossnatur'd must th'ingredients be
 That must meet with the maladye.

56

Simples of contrary effect
 Oft in one cupp men mixe for us
 Their acrimony to correct
 And worke remissis gradibus.

Why is not unto Christians tho
 The lawe and Gospell preached so ?

57

Faith onely saues, and faith alone :
 How then doth this with them agree
 Who say that to salvation
 Workes also necessary be ?

In Christ by faith we onely rest,
 And workes concurr to manifest.

58

Gospell by accident hath been
 Longe to the world a sleepinge sonege ;
 Who, when the lawe doth threate for sinne,
 Can aske, To whom doth this belonge ?

For none can keep it ; I would knowe
 How one might fasten heer belowe.

59

In what degree the flesh bears swaye
 It turnes good dutyes to a taske ;
 What heart dare from performance stay
 Till it be fitt then I would aske ?

Oy – es ! to all the world I crye,
 Who's free for taskworke ? for not I.

60

Some painte our Savior Christ to be
 A strict exactor of the lawe :
 O wondrous hidden mystery !
 Which this effect from man did drawe,
 Sainct worship, where they need not stand
 To feare of lawes exactinge hand.

61

Some Christ the onely obiect make
 Of faith, so as they would embrace
 None, none but Christ for his owne sake,
 Rather then looke at markes of grace.
 'Tis good ; yet tokens from a frend
 My heart doth to the author send.

62

We walke at first in natures night ;
 Then by the lawe we see our sinne ;
 Afterwards grace reniws our sight,
 At liberty to walke therin
 The niew mans way ; th' effect then see
 On such shall peace and mercy be.

Gal 6, 16.

63

Vnles we leaue goods, land and life
 For Christ, we no disciples be ;
 Yet, who forsakes goods, lands or wife
 For him are such : can these agree ?
 Yes ; he that's true in lesser store
 The same is faithfull too in more.

O

74

From coueteousnes such may be free
 As at anothers charges live ;
 But if, where wife and children be,
 Trust to Gods prouidence we giue
 And use with patience lawfull means,
 Then haue we faith ; oh, happy gaines !

75

None without workes, some say, are fav'd,
 And (by their leaue) I'le say so too ;
 But from that act tho workes are wayu'd ;
 Worke, what hast thou therin to doe ?
 Yet faith, left thou a handmaide want,
 Art a worke too concommittant.

76

All men must worke, both good and bad,
 The good from faith, the bad for life ;
 The first for fauour they haue had,
 The last till flesh dye in the strife ;
 A lawe to that by accident,
 To this by issue and euent.

77

Good Henry earle of Darby last
 Could ne're endure (I heare some say)
 A fuitor should come to him waste
 And discontented goe away.

Ah ! could we thus of Christ conceaue
 What sweet impressions it would leaue.

78

For each hard vsage of thy frend
 Shewe not distruste in any wife ;
 Healpe him his churlishnes to mend
 (Excuses are not alwayes lies)
 By fairely makinge his excuse
 If thou his frendship meane to use.

79

Some pitty me as ledd awrye
By listninge much to Gods free grace ;
I moane my self too, wott you why ?
Because my heart is no fitt case
For such a iewell, for you knowe
Niew wine requires niew vessells tho.

80

Weigh well for whom, who, what he paide
To ransome thy poore soule from hell ;
And will not this kill in the head
Self confidence ? Marke this thinge well :
If thy good life thy peace hath wrought,
Then such a ransom stands for nought.

81

Wretch, canst thou Gods free grace applye
Yet in thy heart regardest sinne ?
Thy faith is but a phantazy,
Thou a niew ground worke must beginne ;
For though true faith receiues alone,
If faith want workes that faith is none.

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